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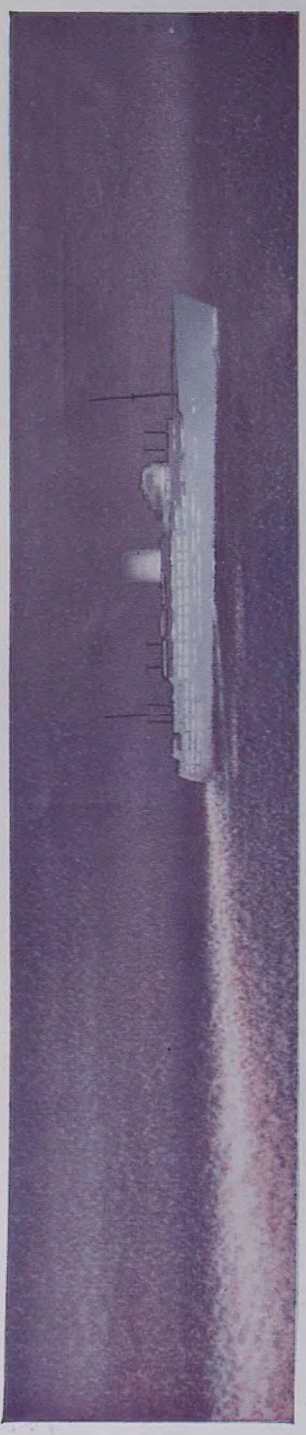

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT. Once the summer holiday season peters out, high season prices drop and, on the face of it, one should not have any real difficulty in getting hotel accommodation on the spur of the moment.

Here I must intersperse a word of caution. Of recent years there has been an increasing public appreciation of the pleasures of an autumn holiday; so it would be wise either to book your accommodation ahead or, if you contemplate a motoring holiday, to ring up the night before to make certain of having a roof over your head the following night.

Clearly with some 750 personally recommended hotels in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, I can but make suggestions, so if I do not pick on the district you fancy or the type of hotel that would appeal to you, please write me, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, or, if you read this overseas, International Coupon stamps. I cannot pretend to know all the correct answers, and if I do not, I will tell you so.

One hears much about Dartmoor and Exmoor but little about the Quantocks, a wooded ridge of hills that extends from the level shore lands of the Bristol Channel towards Taunton. Maybe it is due to the fact that few roads traverse these hills and there is a scarcity of hotels to attract us.

A welcome find there was Alfoxton Park, at Holford, about ten miles east of Minehead, motoring towards Bridgwater. Set in 50 acres of parkland, one side of the house looks across to the tidal waters of the Bristol Channel and the other on to the Quantocks, which slope down to the garden gate. It's a lovely setting with deer and ponies feeding in sight of one's bedroom window, and beloved by William Wordsworth, whose home it once was. Now run as a country-house hotel (licensed) by Mr. and Mrs. Dick Snell, we found them so well versed in the arts of hospitality that we recalled the words of Wordsworth:

> Pleasures newly found are sweet
> When they lie about our feet.

It is appropriate that I should now direct your thoughts to our English Lake District, for in Grasmere you can see William Wordsworth's cottage and final resting-place in the village churchyard. Here you can choose from Dale Lodge Hotel, where Mrs. Napier and her staff have been dispensing good food and comfort for over twenty years, or the smaller Gold Rill, a cut well above the normal guest house yet very personally run by Mr. F. S. Straw, an experienced chef, and his wife with that house-proud obsession which seems to be part of every Yorkshire woman's make-up.

As an alternative to Grasmere, consider Buttermere, where we sampled for the first time this year the Bridge Hotel. The essence of this hotel is partly in its attraction for fishermen and fell-walkers, partly in its seclusion and consequent quietness for professional folk (it is a favourite haunt of doctors), but mainly for the atmosphere created by its resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Twitchin. A convivial and energetic pair, the Twitchins do not pretend to run a luxury establishment. Rather do they aim (and succeed) at ensuring that their guests are well fed in an enterprising but straightforward way, given a good choice of wines from the best vintages to Spanish and Portuguese ordinaires, and simply, yet comfortably, attended to in the way of bedrooms and service.

When the days start to draw in, some will prefer not to travel big distances to reach their autumnal holiday destination, so what could be more centrally situated than the Peaks and Dales of Derbyshire, with Buxton, 1000 ft. up, as one's focal-point. Of the larger hotels, we have a leaning towards the historic Old Hall (52 bedrooms), where Mrs. L. M. Phillp, as the resident owner, has wisely fostered past tradition yet inculcated modern ideas of comfort. Apart from good standards in comfort, catering and cellar, it is admirably situated, on the level, for health, leisure or pleasure.

For those of limited means I have picked out a small private hotel, the Westminster, ably and energetically run by Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Norton, who provide good home cooking (done entirely by Mrs. Norton), warmth and the personal touch developed over many years of interested management and ownership. The position of the Westminster is in its favour, too, for it faces the Pavilion Gardens and the lake. No traffic can pass along the front of the hotel—the road is at the back—and the Spa and shops are five minutes' level walk away. Capability, determination and thoughtfulness will always be apparent in any hotel and the Westminster is an example which we are sure will benefit all who stay there.

The surrounding National Park contains much of interest to both motorist and walker and the invigorating Peak District air will ensure appreciation of the catering and comfort at both hotels.

From the Quantocks, the Lakeland Fells, Derbyshire's Peaks and Dales, let us in conclusion turn our thoughts to "A quiet country house, reasonably close to the sea and an hour's train journey from London." How often these words occur in the hotel enquiries we receive!

"We raise all our own chickens and eggs and most of our vegetables," we were told by Mrs. Janet Woods, who, with her partner, Miss Katharine Lord, runs North Court Hotel, Hassocks, eight miles north of Brighton, and there is no doubt that this happily-situated hotel could well be the answer to many an autumn holiday and residential problem.

There is a definite personal touch about this hotel, for the owners do all the cooking (refreshingly different from the average) and see that good standards of comfort and cleanliness prevail throughout the house. Parents with children and the more permanent type of guest appreciate the several acres of garden and orchard, the proximity of the town and station (less than a mile away), and the nearness of the South Downs and Ditchling Beacon.

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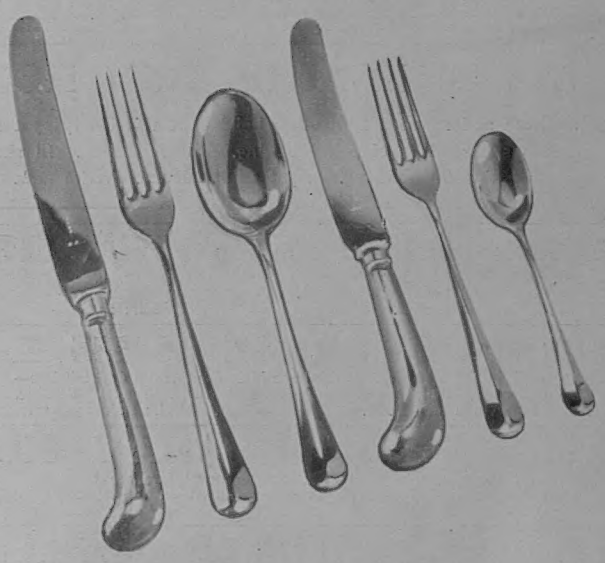

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The SPHERE, London, September 12, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND—HIS ARRIVAL AT CULZEAN CASTLE: The Marquis of Ailsa, the former owner of the castle in Ayrshire, greets Mr. Eisenhower. The President, on his return from Paris, spent the week-end at Culzean, where he has a suite of nine rooms, presented to him by the National Trust. On Sunday he attended service in the parish church of Kirkoswald and played golf on the Turnberry course. He flew back to the United States on Monday.

At the end of his series of visits to Bonn, London and Paris, President Eisenhower spent a quiet week-end playing golf in Scotland. He went to Culzean Castle, in Ayrshire, which is now one of the "stately homes" and is open to the public. He was accompanied to the castle by the Lord Lieutenant of Ayrshire, Sir Geoffrey Hughes-Onslow, and Lord Ailsa, the present head of the Kennedy family, who gave Culzean to the National Trust in 1945. During his week-end, Mr. Eisenhower played golf on the nearby Turnberry course. He decided to return to the U.S. on Monday. Announcing this decision, Mr. Hagerty, the White House Press Secretary, said that it had nothing to do with the weather or with the situation in Laos. At the beginning of the week the Security Council of the United Nations met to discuss the request of Laos for the prompt dispatch of an emergency force to halt aggression. Last week-end General de Gaulle, in accepting President Eisenhower's invitation to visit the United States, said that he would go to Washington as soon as possible. (Further pictures of President Eisenhower's visit to Britain and to Paris are on pages 206–208.)

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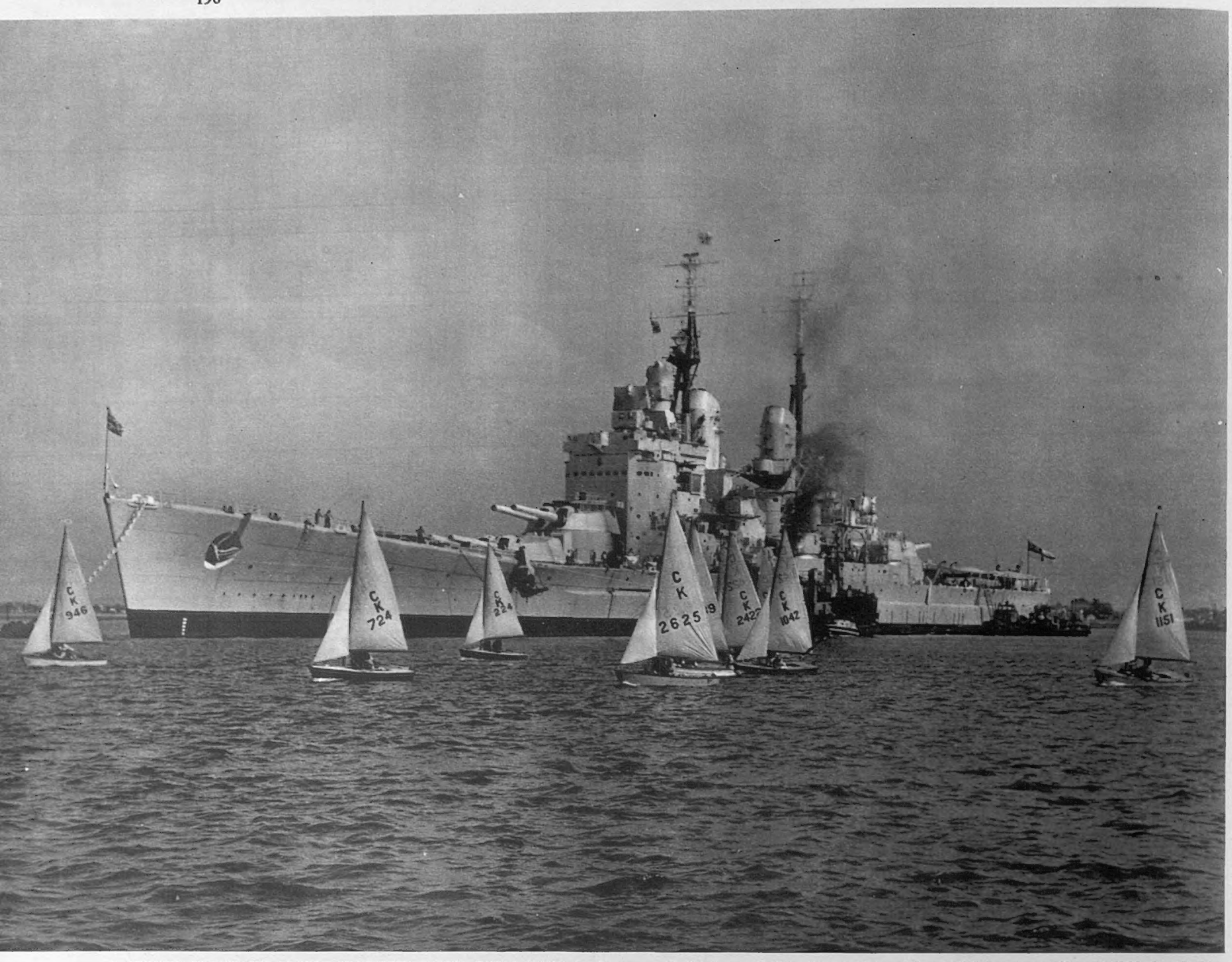


A REGATTA FOR YOUNG PEOPLE ORGANISED BY THE ROYAL NAVY: In Portsmouth Harbour, Cadet class yachts with youthful crews sail past H.M. Battleship *Vanguard*, which was placed in reserve in 1956. One hundred boys and girls from youth organisations took part in the five-day regatta arranged by the Navy last week to give young people an insight into naval life. Ages of the competitors ranged from thirteen to seventeen-and-a-half. The boys were quartered in the wardroom of H.M.S. *Excellent*, the Royal Naval Gunnery School on Whale Island. The girls lived ashore.

RESTORATION OF HU... James Barry's va... of Arts in John Ad... 1777 and 1783. Th...

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Ike's Sunny Memories—We hoped that President Eisenhower would carry away happy memories of his latest visit to our land which he had come to love; and we believe he did. "Come he in peace here or come he in war," this young Lochinvar has always been welcome. He has never come but in critical times and his brief hours of recreation have always been sandwiched in between thick slabs of critically anxious planning and discussion. We heard very little of what he was planning and discussing in 1944-45, we have had a brief and colourless résumé of his talks with Mr. Macmillan at Chequers. But we have had a banquet of information about less serious items. We know what he ate for his breakfast, luncheon and dinner every day, we have seen him playing golf and sightseeing at Oxford, and every picture has told the story of a healthy and happy and carefree man relaxing among old friends. So the Press and P.R.O.s. have served us as well as they could, have been generous with the means at their disposal; and if his visit to Europe achieves no miracle in the solution of world problems, at least we may see in it a cordial resumption of happy relations between our two countries. That is a satisfactory result of his great undertaking, and if even half the sum total of the sunshine and friendliness which Britain offered him attend him for the rest of his programme, a minor miracle at least must come of his visit to Europe, and we heartily wish for Mr. Khrushchev the same conditions in the U.S.A. I should like to think that for both of them their visits will prove health trips for themselves and the anxious, waiting world, and carry back to their two great countries brides as fair as was young Lochinvar's from the further bank of Esk River.

A Cosy Chat—Those who expected revelations from the famous TV conversation were, of course, disappointed. They were compensated by a beautiful example of "civilised behaviour." Indeed, the President's simplicity and sincerity moved me much. The years and illness have made their marks on his face; kindliness and humanity shine out between the furrows. So frightful and so complex are the troubles and problems he and Mr. Macmillan face that one was almost persuaded that all their discussions must be carried on in a language and choice of phrase far above our heads. To that extent, broadcasts and TV interviews are disturbing and shattering of such notions. For bromides, clichés and ideas by no means novel are all that can come out—and are, indeed, all the means at civilisation's disposal to solve the complex problems. Men say the same things in the same words in the "locals," and even in school debating societies the clichés are echoed. But Premier and President came out of the ordeal very well and there was only one moment when I trembled for the duologue. I would not recommend too many "repeats," for President and Premier told us exactly nothing, gave us a blank cheque from Chequers.

Not Yet Hatched—With advancing years, my nature grows so much less simple and trustful of the written or spoken word, that I have come to suspect that even the political prophets of some of our newspapers may sometimes talk through their hats. I am sure that there are many ambitious politicians of both parties who with or without valid claims are hoping that, "with a little bit of luck," a little bit of promotion may come their way perhaps by November. But reports that many Tory politicians are Cabinet-building round themselves, I venture to doubt. Among the Tory (and Labour) M.P.s, I am sure there are some (as in all professions) rather deficient in common sense, sense of proportion, and even efficiency, and many inordinately vain. But only a very few (I hope and believe) are spending their holidays playing a game so foolish and dangerous. If they are, it is a signal proof of their frailty that they allow themselves to be convinced by those Tory Press organs which assure their readers that a sweeping victory at the polls is round the corner and in the bag for the Tories, and, beyond, five certain years of undreamed-of prosperity. For these Press prophets may come to be judged as traitors to the cause it suits them to uphold, to have lulled into complacency the army they support, and thereby to have clipped the wings of a victory by no means "in the bag." All who fight upon St. Crispin's day (and the camp followers, too) should enter on the business as if at Agincourt, resolved to do or die, hopeful and humble, not scorning the enemy; and those who write the propaganda might take a hint from the pre-war oratory of Henry V.

An "Approved" School—The revolt at Carlton Approved School, Bedford, as reported, certainly suggested that there is need of a very strong Committee of Investigation into what took place, into the recent management of the school. We sometimes read of such revolts in U.S.A. gaols which house adult criminals, and sometimes we read of "pale shadows" of such revolts in our own, and we wonder how such things can be. At this juvenile reforming centre, it seems, the word "approved" is hardly apt. Some members of the staff, who were in residence at the time have already admitted that reforms were necessary, the revolting majority of the boys had a catalogue of grievances, the Home Office inspector who called to investigate seemed to show no confidence in himself and little authority, and it was left to an American author and his wife to do what they could to instil reason once at least into the ring-leaders. The Chairman of the Governors, a little comforted by the presence of strong forces of police, admitted that it was "a ticklish business," that the safety of the depleted staff and the innocent "blacklegs," was a priority concern and that the trouble had been boiling up for some time, and the boys might have some grounds for their complaints. The views of the headmaster (on holiday) still await a report. There seems a good deal for a Commission under a legal luminary, with a Home Office expert beside him, to investigate. Certainly, at first sight, it seems that the Home Office, the Governors and the staff have all to explain and justify an easy optimism that the trouble would peter out without the need for a serious investigation into a long-standing state of unrest in what is still a "reformatory" relying not on bars but on internal discipline. Gangs of naughty boys roaming the countryside with files and carving-knives suggest that discipline, lax or too severe, is not enough.

The New Week-end Penal Code—South Africa is to introduce a new system of imprisonment for convicted persons of certain grades. They will serve

LS IN LONDON: *Above and below*—Work proceeds on ings on the walls of the Great Hall of the Royal Society , near the Strand. The murals were painted between intended to illustrate the benefits of civilisation.

ir sentences only during week-ends. They will be ased every Monday morning until Friday night so to be able to continue their work for the public good. in Britain should watch this experiment with interest be prepared to adopt it. Productivity is all, and our ons are fearfully overcrowded. If the murderers and ngerous criminals are not included at first in "working- k leave of absence," at least they will have a cell to nselves for five days out of seven, and production will efit all round, even in those businesses on which the does not smile. And when the enterprising burglar 's a-burgling, he will love to lie a-basking in the sun. he British public is prepared to take the risks, here is olution which will kill two ugly birds with one stone, ing productivity and overcrowded prisons. And the nconvicted" will still enjoy all the amenities of the k-end without undesirable additions to the queues. in future, will a seven-year sentence always tot up to a sentence spread over two days a week? Or will eek-end in future be tantamount to a week as reckoned he bad old days of the Penal Code?

The Doctor—Just 250 years ago, on Septem- 18, Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, and that ctive city is to celebrate the anniversary in an appro- te and dignified manner. There will be a religious ice, a costume ball, a concert, and a wreath will be on the statue overlooking the market square. I often nder how many of the pundits and panjandrums whose emories are celebrated centuries after their deaths saged such fame in their lifetime. Shakespeare eved his poetry would live, but was very casual about reputation. I doubt if Chaucer, Milton, Keats, Shelley Byron (the last-named took his profession seriously his poetry without pomposity) ever envisaged immortal e. No doubt, Tennyson did so. Queen Victoria sured that he should. Dr. Johnson accepted panjan- mship in his lifetime and few men have been more ctive and dictatorial in learned conversation, Mack- sh and Macaulay not excepted. Such confidence and itude of being right was an odd trait in a man whose dth was so bad, whose nerves were so frayed, who was ave to superstition, and whose constant dread of death metimes amounted to panic. Mackintosh and Macaulay, ose digestions were no doubt exceptional, had much er contemporary justification for anticipating posterity istration than had Johnson—except for Boswell.

The Last Duel—A pleasant Silly Season topic has been the history of duelling in Britain and proofs about the last to take place. "As at present advised," 1852 is the year and Egham, in Surrey, the scene of the last duel in which a French exile, Cournet, died and lies buried in Egham Churchyard. There is no record of any duel during the seven previous years, but in 1845 Captain Seton, of the 11th Dragoons, went out with Lieutenant Hawkey, R.M., which resulted in Seton's death and Hawkey's flight and subsequent trial and acquittal, thanks to Cockburn's oratory. Duelling was unknown in England before James I. Between 1765 and 1840 it was not rare and involved such famous figures as Byron, who killed Chaworth; Fox; Pitt; the Duke of York; Tierney; Canning and Castlereagh; Wellington; Winchelsea; Alvanley and Cardigan. The last-named was tried by his peers in 1840 and got off. It was the Prince Consort who tried to stop the practice on which the Army still looked without disfavour until in 1844 the Articles of War (No. 98) were revised to make duelling a court martial offence. Nowadays, the barbarous practice is left to Teddy Boys and rival gangs, is as rife as ever it was, and is sternly punished when the offenders are detected.

Zoo Noses—My eye caught this sinister newspaper caption. I have often seen men and women in real life and in advertisements whose noses strongly resembled those of animals and birds of prey confined in zoos, and I hoped to find out whether such noses were natural or acquired. Hunting women are especially prone to develop the faces of horses, and many cat- and pet-lovers acquire resemblance to their pets. It turned out that zoo noses are a group of new diseases, or old diseases which may be caught from animals, especially pet dogs and cats. You may get from your pet, ring-worm or cat-scratch, parrot-disease or even 'flu; and people who keep poultry or join pony clubs are by no means safe. A nasty attack of "Q fever" may hit you when you least expect it in a stable or poultry-run, or even drawing-room. Even the migrants and the swallows which nest under your eaves may infect you. Doctors are adding this zoonosis worry to all the rest of their worries under the M.O.H., and *pro tem.* you would be well advised to avoid all forms of creation, dogs, men and birds, and live a hermit's life till more is known of zoo noses. *Plus je vois les hommes, plus je crains les chats.*

The Perils of Holidays—Many will regret, some will feel relief, that the holiday season draws to a close. We are a risk-loving, risk-taking, race still, our youth is venturesome and rash. Some of us, including those who have to engage in rescue work, think it is too rash. The perils which beset holidaying youth are varied and manifold, and many are caused by utter ignorance and folly, some by incompetence for the job on hand, some by freaks of nature not foreseeable. There are pot-holers who crawl into caverns without the precautions which Theseus took. There are bathers who swim out to sea without thought of tide races and reserves of strength. There are mountaineers not well fitted to climb the Malvern Hills who essay the Alps, there are those who hire motor-boats or leaky canoes due for the scrap-heap, there are those who bathe immediately after heavy meals and those whom the tides, normal or abnormal, strand on sandbanks or maroon on cliff edges. And there are those who take to the roads in museum cars or with a road sense which would have been condemned in one driving a donkey cart in 1900. All must be rescued, if possible, and all the resources of public or private enterprise are freely employed for the task. What memories these glorious holiday weeks leave behind, grave and gay, anxious and carefree. Those of us who remain in the holiday resorts and live our lives there, are daily reminded of our visitors who leave their cards "p.p.c." in the form of cartons, greasy paper, Sunday newspapers and old rags, bottles and tins. The autumn storms will gradually help some of those reminders to fade out. Others will remain. A good time was had by all.

"Undraped Torsos"—I, too, am old enough to have been proud to have seen Queen Victoria in her carriage and to have been accorded an individual bow from her (shared by my nurse) along Constitution Hill. So naturally I shared the mild surprise expressed in *The Times* at the sight of a naked man driving his car past Buckingham Palace. Never in my life have I seen so many "undraped torsos" as along the South Coast shoreline this summer. Remember, it was only about ten years ago that a naked body found murdered was so described habitually by the crime reporters. "Naked" and "body" were words too crude to use. But now . . . one fine summer has done the trick, and naked bodies, of every colour, every age, hairy or smooth, gristly fat or shapely, male or female, are far more common than bodies "draped" in a shirt. The haberdashers must be in despair, the washerwomen on the dole. But this freedom, this miracle of emancipation from the muddy vesture of convention, is not a tardy revolt from Victorianism. Did not George V, observing Sir Derek Keppel entering the Palace, during the London Season, wearing a bowler hat, explosively reprove him for wearing a rat-catcher. "You never see me dressing like that in London." "Well, Sir, you don't have to go about in busses."—"Busses, nonsense!" There are even *frock* coats still on the active list.

THE OLD STAGER

THE ANNUAL CROMWELL DAY COMMEMORATION: The service arranged by the Cromwell Association is held beneath the statue of the Lord Protector outside the Houses of Parliament to mark the 301st anniversary of his death. As usual, the doyen of Cromwellians, Mr. Isaac Foot, was present. During the service he read the Lesson, Psalm 46. As usual, the congregation that this was Cromwell's favourite psalm and quoted by him in a famous speech. Mr. Foot reminded the congregation that this was Cromwell's favourite psalm and quoted by him in a famous speech.

THE ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH ARGOSY: One of the most important new aircraft on view at the Farnborough Air Show, organised by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, is the Argosy, an economy freighter or passenger aircraft powered by four turbo-prop engines. In military version it has been adopted as tactical freighter by the R.A.F. At the exhibition, which began last week and is open to the public on Friday, Saturday and Sunday (September 11, 12 and 13), few new aircraft are on show. Both the Argosy and Vanguard airliner were seen at the French Air Show. The flying display by the Royal Navy is given by the Scimitar and Sea Vixen, the new generation of naval aircraft. The R.A.F. has not been extensively re-equipped during the last year and their main performers are still formations of Hunters and the V-bombers, of which the Victor B.2 version is new.

BRITISH AIRCRAFT ON SHOW

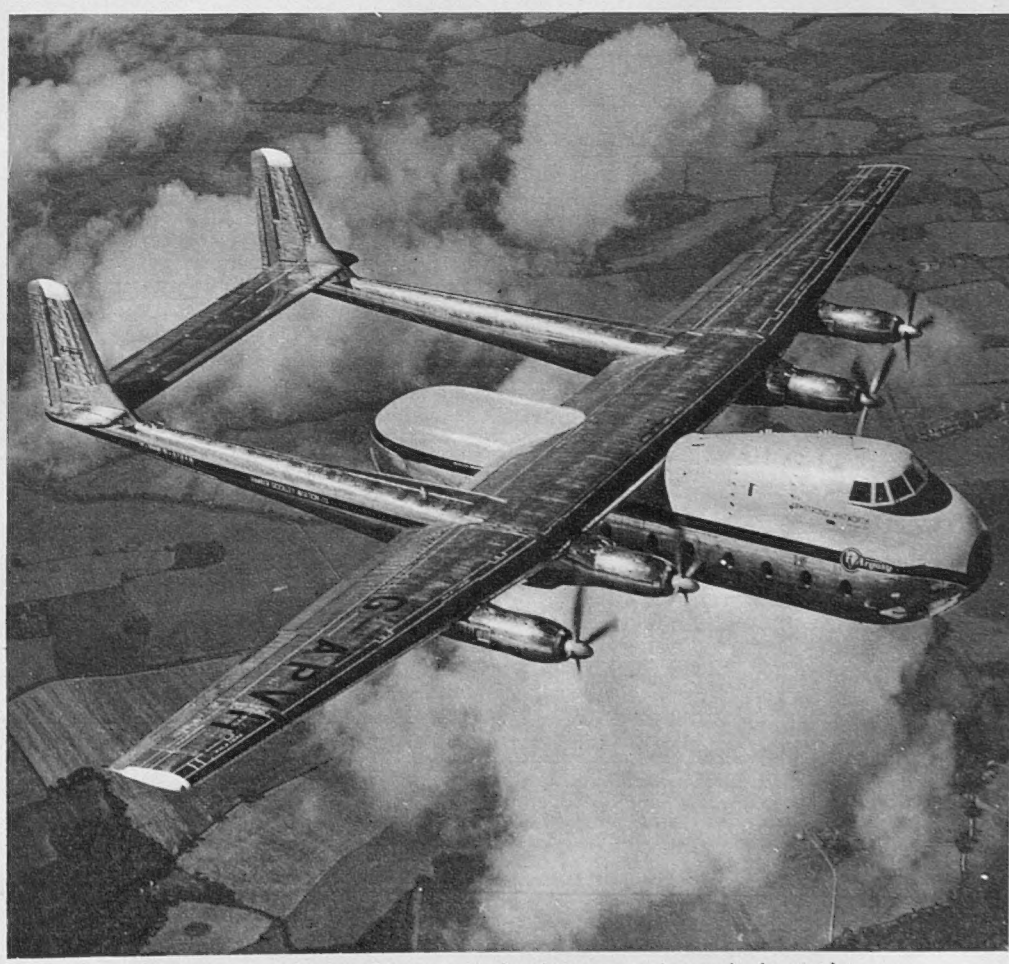
The Twentieth S.B.A.C. Display at Farnborough

ARRIVING FOR THE SHOW: A Hawker Hunter two-seater trainer flies towards Farnborough. It is one of the aircraft demonstrating their paces at the display, the twentieth in the series. Others include various helicopters and the Fairey Rotodyne vertical take-off and landing airliner, for which contracts for further development were announced by the Ministry of Supply recently.

DEMONSTRATING THE HOVERCRAFT: Twenty men of the Parachute Regiment enable the Saunders-Roe SR-N1 to show its ability to lift heavy weights and to move over the runway on its cushion of air. Saunders-Roe are also showing a model of the proposed 400-ton development of the Hovercraft. As a passenger and car ferry operating at a maximum height of 6 ft., the craft could carry a 160-ton payload, made up, for instance, of 800 passengers and 80 cars. The company quotes direct operating costs as 1½d. per passenger mile.

TRAINING AT FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF SOUND: A head-on view of the English Electric P.11 Lightning trainer shows the two seats in the cockpit side by side. Said to have flown at approximately twice the speed of sound, the trainer has been ordered for the R.A.F.

EARLY-WARNING AIRCRAFT: One of the Navy's aircraft at the Farnborough Show is the Fairey Gannet, fitted with a large bulge under the fuselage containing a radar scanner. It is powered by a Double Mamba turbo-prop engine and carries a crew of three.

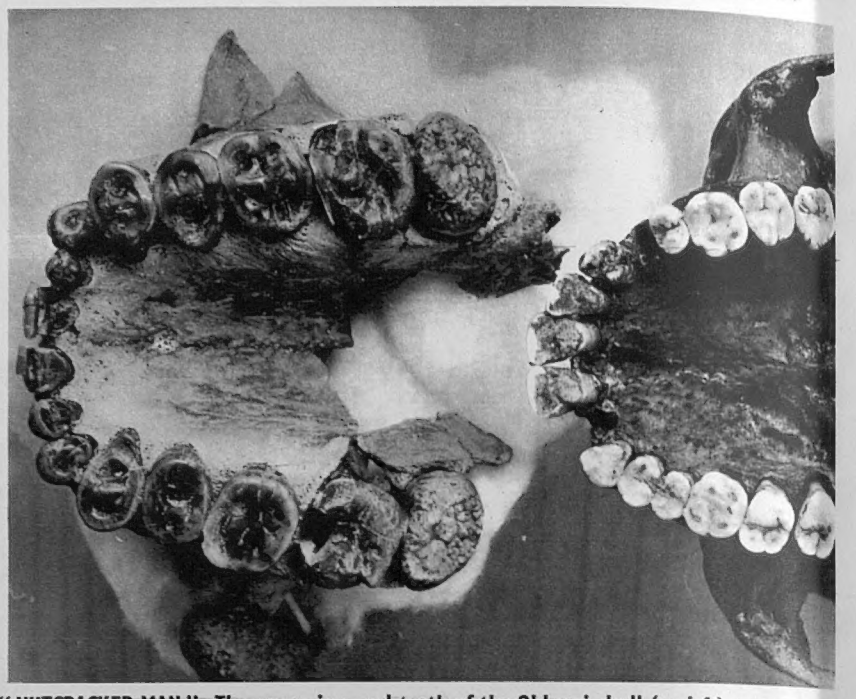


THE ARGOSY IN FLIGHT: Designed to provide economical and large-capacity service in a variety of civil and military roles, the aircraft is powered by four Rolls-Royce Dart turboprop engines. The military version has rear doors enabling freight to be dropped from the air.

THE MISSING LINK?

A 600,000-Year-Old Skull is Found in Africa

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT SKULL IN TANGANYIKA: Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, curator of Coryndon Museum, Nairobi, and his wife, Mary, examine the upper jaw of the skull which they found recently in the Olduvai Gorge. Dr. Leakey estimates that the skull is 600,000 years old—the world's oldest man—and is the connecting link between the South African "ape men" and true man. Dr. Leakey has been probing the contents of the Olduvai Gorge since 1931. He had already found the bones of a giant ostrich, bigger than a giraffe, there. The outstanding characteristic of the new find is the size of the teeth and palate—the biggest found in any hominid. (It has been nicknamed "Nutcracker Man" because of this.) It is believed that it is the skull of a youth of between sixteen and eighteen years old who lived mainly on nuts and vegetables. Anthropologists and other scientists agree with Dr. Leakey's deductions. The skull is eventually to go to the British Museum. There are, however, still more than 100 pieces which Dr. Leakey has to fit into the skull.



"NUTCRACKER MAN": The upper jaw and teeth of the Olduvai skull (on left) are compared with those of the Australian aborigine. Those of Dr. Leakey's discovery are much larger. The Australian aborigine has the largest teeth of any modern human race.

PAINSTAKING WORK: The jaw is cleared of surrounding rock with dental probes.

CONTINUING THE SEARCH: Mrs. Mary Leakey is at work near the place where she first made the important discovery. Dr. Leakey is now anxious to find the rest of the skeleton.

AN ANNUAL GOLF TOURNAMENT AT RICHMOND: Seated in the centre of this group at the Illustrated Newspapers annual invitation meeting are, from left: Mr. M. B. Henderson and Mr. D. J. Hayman, winners of the Bogey Foursomes—Mr. Hayman also won "The Sphere" Challenge Cup; Mr. Charles Snelling, C.B.E., Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers, and Mr. P. D. White, runner-up for "The Sphere" Cup.

IN THE FOURSOMES: Sir Alexander Galloway (left) is with Mr. J. Grant on the course at Richmond.

WAITING TO PLAY: Mr. P. Broom (left) and Mr. R. W. Dunsire. There were sixty-three competitors and guests.

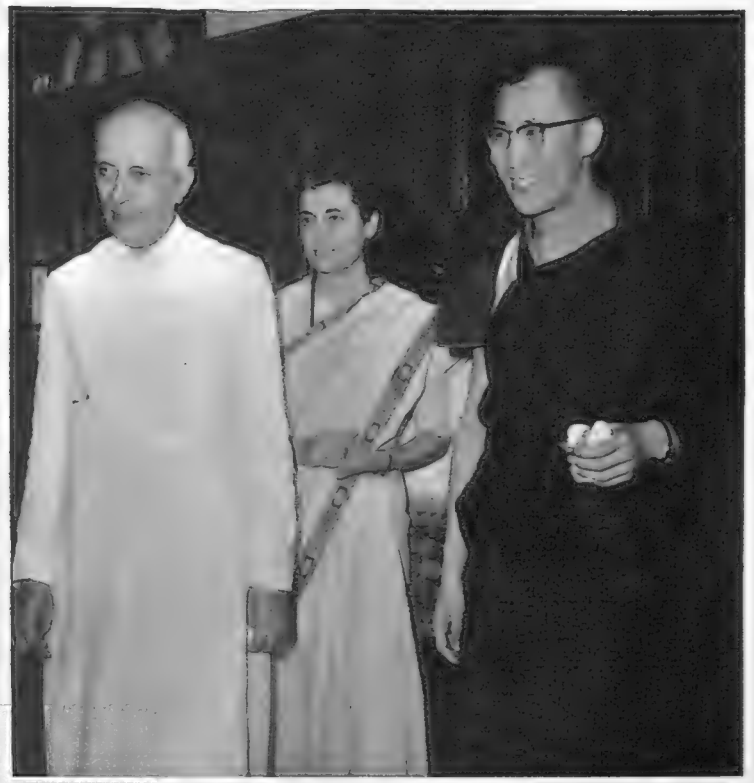
"THE SPHERE" GOLF CUP

The meeting was held at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club at Richmond on Friday of last week. It was a triumphant day for Mr. D. J. Hayman, who won the eighteen holes medal competition for "The Sphere" Challenge Cup with a score of 67 net in the morning, and, with Mr. M. B. Henderson, was also victorious in the Bogey Foursomes in the afternoon. As usual, a number of figures prominent in the worlds of advertising, publishing and business attended.

ON THE COURSE: From left are Mr. G. W. Pangbourne; Mr. L. M. Masius; Mr. A. Milne and Mr. J. Erskine. The meeting, started thirty-three years ago, was held as usual at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club. Mr. C. Snelling presented the prizes.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

SIGNS OF AN INDIAN-PAKISTANI RAPPROCHEMENT: President Ayub of Pakistan and Mr. Nehru meet at Delhi Airport. They had a private and informal discussion for an hour in what was described as "a very cordial atmosphere" before General Ayub continued his flight to East Pakistan.



THE DALAI LAMA PUTS FORWARD HIS CLAIMS: The exiled ruler of Tibet is seen with Mr. Nehru and the latter's daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, after a luncheon at the Prime Minister's residence in Delhi. It was the Dalai Lama's first visit to the Indian capital since he fled from Lhasa in the spring. It was reported that he was endeavouring to persuade Mr. Nehru to raise the question of Chinese intervention in Tibet at the United Nations. The Indian Prime Minister said a few days later in Parliament that he did not think any useful purpose would at present be served by this move. But he also firmly outlined India's attitude towards Chinese aggression on the northern borders of his country.

VICTORY FOR THE GOVERNMENT IN SOUTH VIET NAM ELECTIONS: President Ngo Dinh Diem casts his votes at a polling booth in Saigon, during the elections held recently. They resulted in overwhelming support for the policies of the President, who will continue in office for three more years. About 120 of the 123 members of the National Assembly are supporters of President Ngo Dinh Diem. Government officials exercised great control over details of the campaign. This was stated to have been done to prevent infiltration of Viet Cong (Communist) elements.

On left—

BRITISH PRISONER IN EGYPT TO BE FREED: Mr. James Swinburn (left) and Mr. James Zarb leave the prison shop after buying food and a fly-spray. It was announced in Cairo on Saturday of last week that Mr. Swinburn, serving a five-year term, is to be released under a decree pardoning prisoners who have served half their sentences. Mr. Swinburn was arrested in August 1956, charged with being head of a spy ring working for British Intelligence. With Mr. James Zarb, a Maltese, he was sentenced in June 1957. Mr. Zarb received ten years and the new amnesty does not therefore affect his sentence.

A NEW LINER'S MAIDEN VOYAGE: Leaning on a rail on the *Rotterdam* at Southampton is Princess Beatrix, heiress to the Netherlands throne. The Princess was travelling to New York for celebrations of the founding of the city by her fellow countrymen. *Right*—Tugs escort *Rotterdam* into Southampton harbour. The liner left her home port of Rotterdam on Wednesday of last week, calling at Le Havre Thursday and Southampton on Friday. She was carrying about 1,400 passengers. One of the many unusual features of the 37,000-ton vessel is the absence of a conventional funnel. Smoke is emitted from twin smoke-stacks aft on the superstructure. She is stabilised and air-conditioned. The fourth vessel to carry the name *Rotterdam*, she is the flagship of the Holland-America Line. She cost about £12,500,000.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

LABOUR PARTY LEADERS IN MOSCOW: Mr. Aneurin Bevan and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell wear embroidered caps from Uzbekistan at the Uzbek Pavilion in the Soviet Achievements Fair in Moscow. At the invitation of the U.S.S.R. Parliamentary Group, they visited Russia and met Mr. Gromyko, after paying a two-day visit to Leningrad. They later had talks with Mr. Khrushchev and appeared on Russian television.

IN THE KREMLIN: Mr. Bevan and Mr. Gaitskell visit Lenin's study. In the afternoon they went to Moscow University. Told that this year British students would be studying at the University for the first time, Mr. Gaitskell said that he hoped that exchanges of British and Russian students would grow in scale.

On right—

A RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE IS FOUND: The isotope in its container, found by a Middlesex housewife in the road, is taken into safe keeping. After its loss, while on the way from Belvedere power station, in Kent, to a Derby firm who have a regular supply for use in radiography, there was a Scotland Yard warning and a broadcast appeal by the B.B.C. Children had played with the container but as it was unbroken they were unharmed.

ENGINEERING WORK IN UGANDA: A rock barrier in Lake Victoria is blown up to improve the flow of water from the lake into the upper reaches of the Nile. Nearly 60,000 cub. yards of rock are being removed. At one time the rock made a waterfall—the Ripon Falls—which was submerged with the building of the Owen Falls Dam five years ago. The building of the dam raised the river level to that of the lake, but sometimes the water-level falls below that of the rock barrier. The better flow of water will produce more electricity.

POLAND REJECTS WEST GERMANY'S "OLIVE BRANCH" ON THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR: Mr. Cyrankiewicz, the Polish Prime Minister, speaks at a ceremony at the Polish Unknown Soldier's Tomb in Victory Square, Warsaw, to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the invasion of Poland by Germany. He attacked Dr. Adenauer for his broadcast of the previous day. In it, the West German Chancellor had recalled that the Polish people, invaded by Hitlerite Germany and the Soviet Union, were the war's first victims. To-day, he declared, "the new Germany would become a good neighbour of Poland." Dealing with these remarks Mr. Cyrankiewicz accused Dr. Adenauer of attempting "perfidiously and cynically to drive a wedge between Poland and the Soviet Union" and went on to charge "German militarists" with preparing for another war.

RECONCILIATION BETWEEN THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC AND SAUDI ARABIA: King Saud of Saudi Arabia is greeted at the airport in Cairo by President Nasser. His Majesty had arrived for a four-day State visit. It was their first meeting since last year when Egypt accused Saudi Arabia of supporting a plot to disrupt the United Arab Republic. King and President had private talks for two hours, after which King Saud announced that "full co-operation" had been renewed between their two countries regarding Arab questions.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE 1959 COUNTY CHAMPIONS: In the pavilion after their winning match against Sussex, players and officials of the Yorkshire cricket team gather to celebrate. Yorkshire last won the Championship outright in 1946. In the second innings of their last match they scored 216 runs in 105 minutes to win. They displace Surrey, holders of the Championship for the previous seven seasons, at the top of the table. This year the County race has been more exciting than usual, with Yorkshire, Surrey, Warwickshire and Gloucestershire all close together towards the end of the season.

GERMAN MINERS DEMONSTRATE: The huge portrait of the West German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, is among posters carried by demonstrators in Dortmund. Some 30,000 people marched through the streets of the West German town protesting about the failure of the plan to stem the most serious coal crisis in the country since the war. With the increasing use of oil fuels, resulting in the over-production of certain grades of coal—common to all coal-mining countries in Europe—Western Germany has unused stock piles of coal totalling more than 32,000,000 tons. As a result of the crisis, about 51,000 miners in West Germany have been dismissed or have left work.

FIRE IN A CAMBRIDGE LABORATORY: Apparatus is shattered and paintwork blistered after the fire which swept through rooms in the Department of Metallurgy at Cambridge University. One laboratory was completely destroyed and another seriously damaged; the roof of a lecture room collapsed. The fire was in the top two storeys of a block. The blaze was put out after an hour and a half. Work, described as of "fair national importance," has been suspended.

AN AMATEUR SIGHTS TWO NEW COMETS: In the garden of his home at Broadway, Farcet, near Peterborough, Northamptonshire, Mr. George Alcock, a schoolmaster, sits beside his £200 105-mm. telescope. In suitable weather Mr. Alcock has been watching for comets every night for six and a half years. On his 560th night's watch he discovered the first comet and five days later, on Sunday of last week, the second. Both have been reported to the Royal Observatory. If never previously sighted, then they will be named after Mr. Alcock.

FOLK-DANCING ON A RUMANIAN NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY: Dressed in traditional costumes, men and women dance in Bucharest on Rumania's Liberation Day, marking the anniversary of the German retreat before the Russian Army during the last war.

A MARTIAL ASPECT OF THE CELEBRATIONS IN BUCHAREST: Detachments of "Armed Workers" march through the capital of Rumania on Liberation Day. Tanks and other armoured units also took part in the military parade. Another section of the demonstration was composed of youths born in 1944, the year of the liberation. Among the guests of honour at the parade was Marshal Konev of the Soviet Union.

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THE NEWS IN PICTURES

VICTIM OF A BOMB OUTRAGE IN CAMBODIA: Prince Vakrivin, Chief of Protocol at the Cambodian Court, was killed last week by a bomb in the Royal Palace at Pnompenh. The bomb had apparently been handed in as a gift parcel and exploded while Prince Vakrivin was unwrapping the package. The outrage was thought to have been an attempt on the life of King Norodom Suramit, and the first reaction in the Cambodian capital was that the crime was "plotted abroad." Recent events in the Far East are said to have caused the Cambodian Government to move away from its "neutralist" policy towards closer association with India, Siam and South Vietnam. However, no immediate reason could be found for anyone wanting to kill the King. The real power in the country is in the hands of his son, Prince Sihanouk, the former King and now Premier. The Prince abdicated in 1955 and placed his father on the throne.

THE CAMBODIAN RULER AND HIS CONSORT WHO NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH: The picture shows King Norodom Suramit and Queen Sisowath Kossanak on their thrones. They were in the room in the Palace with Prince Vakrivin when he started to open the parcel containing the bomb. They were called away a few seconds before the explosion.

On right—

MR. CASEY IN LONDON: The Australian Minister for External Affairs holds a Press Conference. He had come to spend eight days in Britain after talks in Paris and Bonn, and is leading the Australian delegation to the U.N. Assembly opening in New York next week.

BRITISH TRAWLER OWNERS EXPRESS THEIR VIEWS: Sir Farndale Phillips (wearing spectacles), the President of the British Trawlers' Association, talks to the Press in London. With him is Mr. Tom Boyd, President of the Hull Fishing Vessel Owners' Association. Speaking on the first anniversary of the extension of the Icelandic fisheries limit to twelve miles—which has led to the Anglo-Icelandic fisheries dispute—Sir Farndale said that some of the burden of the conflict might be shifted from British trawlers to the Government, "where it properly belongs." The Government, he declared, must be responsible for carrying out negotiations and making decisions.

AN IMPORTANT VISITOR TO CHINA: President Ho Chi-minh (left), of North Vietnam, sits at a luncheon in Pekin with President Liu Shao-chi, of China, who succeeded Mao Tse-tung as Head of State last April. According to Pekin radio, President Ho Chi-minh spent three weeks in China last month. He was reported to have had conferences with various political leaders. In view of the situation in Laos, considerable significance has been attached to this visit. Broadcasts from North Vietnam have recently made demands on the Laotian Government, calling for the release of imprisoned Communist leaders and for Communists to participate in the administration of the northern provinces.

A SPEECH BY THE COMMANDER OF THE LAOTIAN ARMED FORCES: Brigadier-General Oune Rattikone addresses an anti-Communist rally in Vientiane, the capital of Laos. He assured his listeners that the Government would suppress the Communist rebellion. A few days later, however, he admitted in a Press interview that Communists had made advances in the northern province of Sam Neua and that the town of Sam Neua was being attacked. He alleged that the Communist forces included a contingent of regular troops from North Vietnam, estimated to number 3,500. The Government would hold Sam Neua "at all costs," he added. At the end of last week Laos appealed to U.N. for an emergency force "to halt aggression."

World Affairs

POLITICIANS AND THE PRESS

By JOHN CONNELL

WHEN the first part of the—I am sorry I cannot bring myself to write the word other than with a shudder and in quotation marks—"motorcade" had passed, the police motor-cyclists, the dove-grey Rolls-Royce, and the rather less sensational vehicle in which Mr. Herter rode with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, there came two motor-coaches of the kind that take mothers' outings to wherever mothers' outings go nowadays. In each coach there was a blur of unimpressive countenances, bow ties and drip-dry shirts.

"Gracious," we said, "the Press!" and laughed unkindly. As I laughed I was aware of a twinge of shame at my disloyalty to my own craft, and then of a stronger spurt of anger that to this charabanc futility in the dusk of a late summer evening the once great and independent profession of journalism had reduced itself.

Whatever else President Eisenhower's visit to Western Germany, Britain and France may have achieved, it demonstrated beyond any argument the dangerous barrenness of the present system of reporting any crucial international discussions. There was on one side the importance of the issues about which the statesmen talked in Bonn, in London and in Paris, and, on the other, the drivelling fatuity of the "news" which, day after day, the huge circus troupe of correspondents, commentators, news-analysts and special writers was offered: those menus with the low fat-content, the Royal present of five brace of grouse, the golf-clubs borrowed from the Ambassador.

This spate of trivial gossip has many precedents—I recall with nausea, across twenty-one years, the menu of the meal offered to Neville Chamberlain when he flew to Godesberg—but it has seldom reached such proportions, and has seldom seemed so glaring an insult to the intelligences, both of those who let it loose and of those who were expected to swallow it. There was a revulsion. In that preposterous marquee set up on a London lawn—it reminded some people of country flower-shows and others, even more inappropriately, of their first days of soldiering in September 1939—there were some wrathful scenes. Where did the blame lie? Not, I am certain, with individuals, but with a whole convention of politician-journalist relationships which has grown up and hardened in the past forty years. It might be an excellent corollary to any easing of East-West tension which President Eisenhower may be able to bring about if this convention could be shattered.

Its origin is to be found, I believe, in the great, pathetic Wilsonian fallacy of "open covenants openly arrived at." This contained the perilous and highly erroneous assumption that it would contribute to international understanding if all the stages of every piece of diplomatic negotiation, however complicated, were reported and commented upon as they occurred. Secrecy in diplomacy—even the privacy which is taken for granted in every commercial transaction—was stigmatised as furtive. All its processes were to be public; enlightenment and goodwill would rule henceforth. It took no time at all for the folly of this thesis to be exposed; but instead of a whole-hearted reversion to previous practice, there developed, as a compromise, the tedious convention of which I complain, which produced the near-crisis of the latter days of Mr. Eisenhower's visit to London.

Political leaders and their officials, on their side, had their discussions in private, and told the journalists as much as they thought fit to reveal at the end of each session, or each day. The "spokesman," the public relations adviser, the Press officer, then assumed an importance which he has held on to like grim death ever since. Power lay in his hands—power without ultimate responsibility—but power to disclose, to withhold, to give favours to certain journalists and rebuffs and disappointments to others.

The journalists, on their side, were in the equivocal position of being neither fully taken into confidence, nor completely shut out. All the possibilities for mischief inherent in the situation were already being fully exploited in the '20's: the pattern of alternating optimism and pessimism, the dramatic and lavishly-photographed walk-out, the well-timed leak, the frigid repudiation and the sycophantic glad-handing.

The invention of the extraordinary ritual known as the Press Conference did nothing to help matters; nor did the custom, which became mandatory in almost all British and American newspapers in the years between the wars, of anticipating events rather than reporting them, of prophesying and crystal-gazing instead of commentating and interpreting. The average level of education among journalists, of knowledge of and experience in international affairs, dropped abruptly; and at the same time there was a notable increase in their arrogance, inquisitiveness and self-importance. The influence of the barely literate sub-editor waxed, and that of the conscientious, intelligent, experienced and educated correspondent waned.

The history of the reporting of international conferences in the post-war years has been hardly less melancholy than the history of the conferences themselves. There is a fable which tells of four journalists, two American, one French and one British, who were sent to report the negotiations for a non-aggression pact between the two Balkan States of Rumelia and Transdanubia. The first American journalist, who represented a famous and very serious daily newspaper, spent seven hours in the little lakeside town where the conference was being held, and filed three and a half columns of lucid survey, assessment and forecast, covering every eventuality that the statesmen of the two countries had thought of, and several that had never occurred to any of them. This despatch was only slightly marred by the fact that its author mis-spelt the names of both countries.

A PRESS CONFERENCE DURING THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER TO LONDON: Journalists sit in a specially-erected marquee in Carlton House Gardens for a conference with official spokesmen. At the far end beneath the clock is Mr. Evans, of the Prime Minister's Office in Downing Street. He is flanked by Mr. Hagerty (left), the White House spokesman, and Commander Colville, the Queen's Press Secretary. In his article on this page John Connell comments on the Press coverage of the President's visit and on the present relations between journalists and politicians.

The second American, who was an associate editor of a national magazine with a circulation of several millions, arrived a week before the conference opened, and filed 30,000 words which, before publication, were cut to 300 in a story which began: "Balding, vulpine, millionaire-politician Igor Totherescu . . ." The Frenchman uncovered three arms-smuggling rackets, one financial and one sexual scandal. The Englishman's contribution was a gossip paragraph of which the opening words were: "Dining last night at the fabulous, five-star luxury terrace restaurant of his hotel with Old Etonian statesman 'Totty' Totherescu, he told me that the delicious pheasant we were eating was a present from the Aga Khan. . . ."

President Eisenhower's European visit exposed almost brutally the plight to which the Press has been reduced. Immediate, copious and accurate reporting of the President's discussions, with any of the national leaders whom he met, could have been of no possible assistance, and might gravely have endangered the course of his talks. Hints and half-hints, scraps of information, indications of the drift of his conversations, would have been even worse. Privacy was of the very essence of his mission; but it is nowadays an iron convention that negotiations of this sort should be conducted in a constant blaze of publicity, of dramatic headlines, speculation, disclosures and decisions. Would it have been of any use to say to the newspapers of the Western half of the world, "Look, this isn't that kind of conference at all. These are private discussions, and the only chance of their being useful lies in their privacy"?

This was, in fact, the method of conducting the talks which was adopted; but it was never unequivocally stated to be such, and the official spokesmen, who in London were the famous Mr. Hagerty, Mr. Evans, of the Prime Minister's office, and Mr. Peter Hope, of the Foreign Office, were left to keep the correspondents at bay—with somewhat deplorable consequences.

Or were they so deplorable? If the fiasco leads in the end to a reappraisal of the relationship between politicians and journalists, and of the techniques of conducting and reporting discussions between the elected and responsible leaders of great nations, it will not have occurred in vain. First, it ought to be established that the politicians cannot have it both ways all the time: they cannot be allowed to use, for their own purposes, the newspapers and all the other means of mass communication, and then treat them inconsiderately, unfairly and contemptuously. It is true that there is, and there always ought to be, a considerable degree of tension between politicians and journalists; our interests are not, and never have been, the same. Politicians want power, journalists want news. Sometimes for political purposes it is expedient to flatter and butter-up the newspapers and individual journalists; but in general politicians look at journalists with wary dislike.

Journalists on their side would be wise to recognise the limits which ought to confine their activities. Why, as *The Times* Political Correspondent sensibly remarked, should it be believed that, when Cabinet secrets are not revealed, the intimate, frank conversations of a President and a Prime Minister should be reported sentence by sentence? Many in the throng which assembled daily in the Carlton House Gardens marquee felt affronted, as well as frustrated, when they were offered nothing but petty, irrelevant details, like the names and ranks of the members of the W.R.A.F. who ministered to the comforts of the house party at Chequers, instead of the hard news they sought.

Yet is it not possible that this absurd pap is only the result of the newspapers' own policy, over many years, of turning serious, difficult and complex news into pap? May not the politicians and their expert advisers have said to themselves, "This is the kind of stuff they like and thrive on, let them have it in big doses, and we can get on with our work"? A miscalculation, of course, but not without grounds. And it calls for some heart-searching on all sides.

THE CEREMONIAL ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN PARIS : *Left*—Vast crowds in front of the Hôtel de Ville listen to the speeches of Mr. Eisenhower and General de Gaulle. The two Presidents were welcomed by M. Devraigne, the President of the Paris Municipal Council, and Mr. Eisenhower was presented with the golden key of the City of Paris. *Right*—From the Arc de Triomphe can be seen the procession as the Presidents drove up the Champs-Elysées to the Hôtel de Ville

A WARM WELCOME FOR PRESIDENT EISENHOWER : *Left*—The procession passes down the Rue Scribe on the way to the Quai d'Orsay. *Centre*—In a characteristic pose, President Eisenhower acknowledges the cheers of the crowds. The flag hangs over the tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe. *Right*—At the Galeries Lafayette a banner proclaims "We Like Ike." The ceremonial and 101-gun salute were reminders that in Paris, unlike Bonn and London, a Head of State was greeted by another Head of State

WELCOME TO PARIS

Glittering Ceremonial Greets President Eisenhower

A SPECTACULAR ARRIVAL: Squadrons of the mounted Guarde Républicaine in full dress uniform escort the two Presidents across the Pont de la Concorde over the Seine. Centre background is the Place de la Concorde, with the U.S. Embassy on the extreme left. Behind the Luxor Obelisk in the centre of the square is the Madeleine. In the distance on the right is Sacré Cœur, on the top of Montmartre.

On left—

THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS: President Eisenhower and General de Gaulle are driven down the Rue Royale, lined with soldiers, on their way to the Quai d'Orsay. There Mr. Eisenhower spent the night in the Royal apartments.

MEETING OF WARTIME LEADERS IN LONDON: At the "stag" dinner-party given by President Eisenhower at Winfield House, the residence of the American Ambassador, before leaving for Paris, Sir Winston Churchill, President Eisenhower and Lord Alexander are seated on the sofa. On the arms are Lord Alanbrooke and Mr. Macmillan. From left, standing, are Major-General Sir Francis de Guingand; Lord Strang; Lord Montgomery; Mr. Whitney, the American Ambassador; Brigadier Lionel Cross; Lord Portal; Major-General Sir Kenneth Strong; Sir Roger Makins; Lord Tedder; Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks; Lord Ismay; Major-General Snyder; Sir Arthur Harris (behind Mr. Macmillan); Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Morgan and Major-General Sir Leslie Nicholls. The occasion was the largest gathering since the end of the Second World War of Allied wartime leaders and their military aides. It was also the first "get together" since the publication by several of the guests of their controversial memoirs.

REUNION OF WAR LEADERS

President Eisenhower in London and Paris

On right—

MEETING IN PARIS: Outside the Elysée Mr. Eisenhower and General de Gaulle pose for photographers. Welcoming the American President on his visit to France, President de Gaulle, in a short speech at Le Bourget Airport, said he was "the ever glorious leader of the armies of liberty." In reply Mr. Eisenhower praised the French leader as "the symbol of French courage during the dark days of the war." Among the subjects discussed in the private talks was the question of Algeria; it appeared from comments of American officials that the U.S. wanted guarantees that negotiations for a settlement were in sight before agreeing to support France in the United Nations. The Italian Premier and Foreign Minister also arrived in Paris to see President Eisenhower and General de Gaulle.

PROCESSING THE VITAL METAL: The drum, which has been heated and cooled, is tipped up for slag to fall from it into a grate. A core of uranium metal will come out from the bottom of the drum. This is one of the processes at the Atomic Energy Commission's plant at Weldon Spring, in Missouri, U.S.A.

URANIUM FACTORY

Processing Key Material for Atomic Energy in America

Since the advent of the nuclear age, uranium has been one of the most precious substances in the world. It is found in an ore which has first to be milled so that much of the non-uranium content is removed. Next, the concentrate has to be further purified and processed.

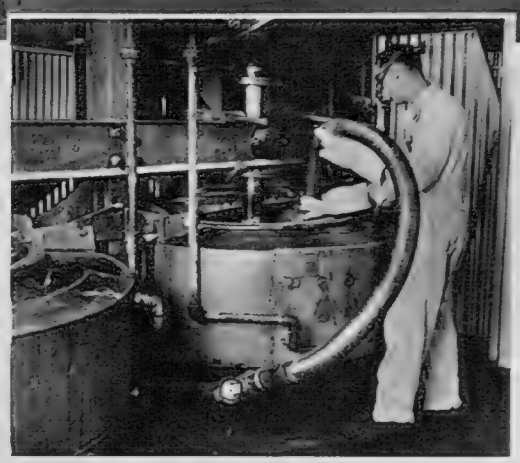
At Weldon Spring, in St. Charles County, Missouri, and near the river from which the State takes its name, the American Atomic Energy Commission has one of its two uranium purifying and processing plants. It is operated by Mallinckrodt Chemical Works of St. Louis. There are similar installations in other "nuclear" countries. Britain's Atomic Energy Authority has one at Springfields, near Preston, in Lancashire. Certain aspects of the work at Weldon Spring are secret, but pictures can be taken to show much of the operations by which pure uranium is being produced from the concentrate of ore.

In every pound of pure uranium, 1 part in 140 is in a form known as U-235. (Virtually all the rest is a substance termed U-238.) U-235 gives off tremendous energy when its atoms are split, a single pound producing the equivalent power provided by 3,000,000 lb. of coal. It can be used as an explosive—in an atomic bomb or as the trigger of a hydrogen bomb; as a source of heat to generate power or to produce plutonium. Plutonium, a nuclear fuel with properties similar to U-235, is produced by bombarding U-238 with neutrons given off as U-235 atoms are split.

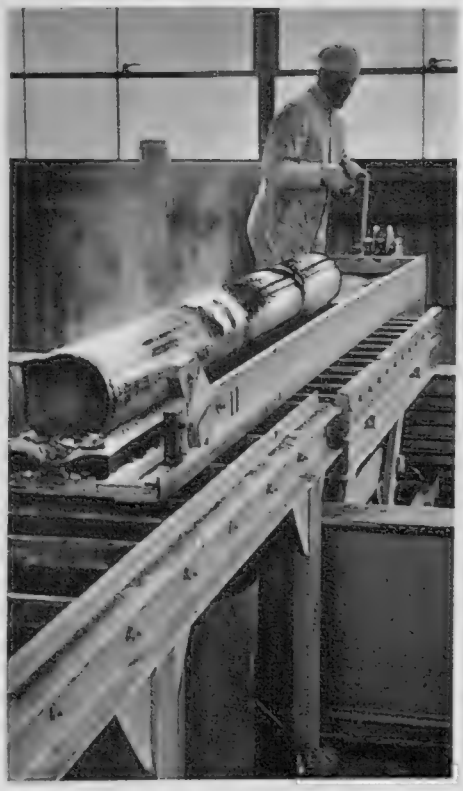
Weldon Spring has the task of purifying to an extremely high degree the milled concentrate, which contains 50 to 60 per cent. uranium. To meet the demands of the American atomic energy programme this has to be done on a large scale. Some 400 employees are engaged on production and the results of their work are under constant analysis by a staff of seventy chemists and technicians. In the final products of the plant impurities are present on a scale of only a few parts in a million parts of uranium. Weldon Spring has also an extensive research and development side. A further 200 chemists and technicians devote their time to improving existing processes and searching for new ones. Their aims are to cut production costs, better the quality of products and perhaps develop new products. As one chemist on the staff of the plant recently remarked: "The whole field is just in its infancy. After all, only seventeen years ago pure U-235 and plutonium existed only in scientists' laboratories."

In a sprawling row of buildings, installations of machines and tanks purify the uranium from the concentrate. In its pure form it is either pulverised into granular compounds or converted into metal. Both products are shipped to other A.E.C. installations or sold to private industry. The powdered uranium goes to special plants for further processing and separation of the U-235 from the U-238. The metal can be fabricated into rods or other shapes for fuel elements in reactors for the generation of electricity or the production of plutonium.

The Mallinckrodt Chemical Works at St. Louis were brought into the American atomic energy programme in April 1942, in the earliest stages of the development of the first A-bombs. The firm was asked to undertake the processing on a large scale of the concentrate, employing a method which had previously been used only in a laboratory. Within three months uranium was being delivered at the rate of a ton a day. Processing continued to be carried out at the Mallinckrodt main plant at St. Louis until a year ago, when the plant at Weldon Spring was completed.



PULVERISATION AND PURIFICATION: *Above*—In this large installation of five storeys, purified uranium is pulverised into a green powder. From the permanently fixed hoppers at ground-level the powder is fed through pipes to portable hoppers for shipping to A.E.C. installations or private industry or for conversion to metal. *On right*—In an earlier stage of the processing, a technician uses a suction hose to remove purified uranium from a tank. The purified element is a coarse, orange powder.



TAKING ITS FINAL SHAPE: Vapour rises from a uranium rod on an extrusion press. The rod will be used in a reactor for generating power. Uranium in metal form is also employed for the production of the nuclear fuel, plutonium.

THE RAW MATERIAL: Barrels of concentrated uranium ore are stacked at Weldon Spring. The concentrate comes from American or foreign sources and is purified and processed at the A.E.C.'s plant. The chemical company operating Weldon Spring was one of the first concerns engaged in American atomic development.

A MODERN CITY CENTRE

Progress in Rebuilding Coventry

To-day Coventry presents a somewhat bewildering mixture of old buildings, which have survived the devastation of the city, and the new structures in concrete, steel, brick and glass. But progress is so far advanced in the reconstruction that it is possible to see that the new city centre follows a coherent design. The main centres of the Garden Square of Broadgate and the shopping precinct form the basis of the plan, which stresses a theme of functional design. The architects have avoided the besetting problem of modern cities—traffic congestion—by separating as much as possible vehicles from pedestrians and shoppers. Broadgate itself forms a huge roundabout and no traffic is allowed in the shopping precinct.

The shops are built on two levels, inter-connected by covered ways and stairs, round a paved square. By saving space in this way, provision can be made for trees and shrubs, and for seats in the open air. Since the footpaths are canopied, the area provides protection for the shopper against rain. An additional attraction is a drum-shaped café, built by the Corporation. Adjacent to the precinct is the Garden Square of Broadgate, on two sides of which is Broadgate House, and on another a modern hotel called the Leofric. Opposite stands the spire of Holy Trinity Church; by coincidence those parts of the church built by the Greyfriars in the fourteenth century, which escaped destruction during the Dissolution, also survived the air raids.

The Garden Square, the site of much of the worst of the devastation, forms a memorial to those citizens who were killed during the bombing. It contains a statue to Lady Godiva, and another memorial of her is found in the clock on Broadgate House. As the hour strikes, the figure of Lady Godiva on her horse appears on the balcony and Peeping Tom bobs out from a window above. The rebuilding of Coventry has not been restricted to the centre and to the dramatic new Cathedral; it includes new housing estates, with blocks of flats and new cottages for old people.

By mounting the spire of the old Cathedral, from a height of 250 ft. a panorama of the new and old Coventry can be obtained; nearby is the new centre and the other two medieval pinnacles, which, with that of the Cathedral, give the title of " The City of Three Spires."

On right—

THE SHOPPING PRECINCT: Designed as a centre to draw shoppers away from the nearby streets congested with traffic, the precinct has shops on two levels and vehicles are barred from it. Left is a drum-shaped café built by the Corporation. In the background are the spires of the Cathedral (right) and of Holy Trinity Church.

THE GARDEN SQUARE OF COVENTRY: In the centre of the green lawns and shrubbery is a statue of Lady Godiva, and in the background, Broadgate House, designed by the city architect, and used for offices, showrooms and shops. The square, forming a planned centre to the city, is a memorial to Coventry's citizens who lost their lives in the air raids.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF MODERN CITY ARCHITECTURE: As a contrast to the functional concrete and brick of the shopping precinct, the water cascades and shrubs form an integral part of the design. The overhead pavement connects two sides of the square. The second-level shops are joined by footways giving cover from the weather.

THE SCENE FROM GROUND-LEVEL: An arrangement of stairways, [illegible] the four sides of the precinct. The shopping area is adjacent to a road, and a new hotel. Not far away is a new circular retail

PLANNED FOR SHOPPING: The two levels of shops in the precinct in the centre of Coventry surround a square courtyard planted with trees and provided with seats for shoppers. Coventry is a rare example in Britain of homogeneous and considered city planning.

pathways and linking overhead footways connect the two levels of shops built round arden Square, which contains the "L"-shaped Broadgate House, built in one place over with a car park on its roof. Coventry is the scene of much spectacular rebuilding.

BUILT OVER THE ROADWAY: Carved on the front of a restaurant are a series of modern statues. Through the archway are two levels of shops. Broadgate is planned as a traffic roundabout—the centre separates vehicles and pedestrians as much as possible.

A PLAGUE OF MIDGES

The Advantages and Disadvantages of Picnics; the Menace of Midges; Biological Details; the Innocuous Evening Dance

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHAT with the fine summer and an assortment of friends and relatives visiting us from abroad—each of whom had to be shown something of the beauty of the English countryside—I have been dragooned into a number of picnics. I am not, on the whole, picnic-minded. In theory the picnic has certain advantages. There should be no washing-up, for example, for the expert picnicker will not use a plate and the mug can be rinsed out in a stream. Even that, to my mind, does not outweigh the acute discomfort of a picnic. In any case, so far as we are concerned, it is all theory. We are not expert picnickers. We have a picnic basket. This was given us years ago but, such is our normal summer weather, we had never used it. So this summer it was brought out in all its pristine glory. It is a well-fitted picnic basket, with knives and forks and spoons and plates and heaven-knows-what. True, there was no washing-up on any of these picnics. We did it when we got home.

No, I prefer to eat my meals in comfort: not sprawling on the ground. I am, so to speak, strongly in favour of elbows on the table. Moreover, I do not believe that one appreciates the beauties of the countryside the more for eating while one stares. The simple truth is that at a picnic, during the actual picnic, one does not look at the countryside: eating is too difficult. An hour that might be devoted to contemplation is wasted incurring indigestion.

Meals out-of-doors are another matter, of course. They can be wholly delightful. The Americans have realised this. Dotted about over the United States are "Picnic Parks." The sites of many of these have been carefully chosen, so that they provide shade and embrace a view. The basic furniture of these picnic parks consists of a stout table, a rough wooden bench (of the type known in this country as "rustic"), a small square of concrete with a brazier for cooking, and a larger one on which to park the car. The picnicker provides his own food and fuel for the brazier. Some parks employ attendants to help the inexperienced with their braziers and to admonish those who may be inclined to leave litter behind them. The movement is, I understand, growing.

The whole idea of a picnic park will appal those English women (for picnicking is primarily a female vice) who are ardent picnickers. But, remembering several popular picnic places (all of them at recognised, and famous, beauty spots), visited this summer, remembering the broken bottles and the unbroken ones, the tins, the ice-cream cartons, the paper bags, the torn newspapers—well, I am not sure that the Americans have not got something.

Mind you, I have not always been so anti-picnic. I used to be taken for picnics when I was a child, and I enjoyed them immensely. I can even remember most enjoyable picnics as a young man—but then I was courting. In neither case did I do the washing-up: in those days this was not a recognised male chore. And in those days my digestion was better. Remembering those picnics and the ones which I have borne so stoically this summer, I am forced to wonder if we are quite the race we were.

Consider midges, for example. Before every picnic this summer, the women (and most of the men) spent a great deal of time anointing themselves with various insect-repellents. Each one of them swore by his or her particular brand, but I must say that all of them (with one noteworthy exception: he used paraffin; a solitary soul, perforce) still indulged in a great deal of waving of hands or hats, in sudden vicious smacks with hand or newspaper. Picnics, I have always understood, should be leisurely, relaxed affairs. All these were most unleisurely, quite astonishingly restless, affairs.

Recalling the picnics of my youth, I cannot say that we were then as midge-conscious. There were, in those days, none of these modern repellents. Nobody then, so far as I can remember, bothered about anointing themselves with oils before setting out for a picnic; but I do not recall the constant slappings, the restless movements, that I have witnessed this summer. I wonder if, as a race, we are becoming softer-skinned? That seems scarcely likely. Can it be that we are unbitten—for there can be no doubt that D.P.M. is a most efficient midge-repellent (at least for a couple of hours or so; it is as well to renew it after that) and most of the midge creams on the market contain D.P.M.—but that skilful advertising of insect-repellents has made us excessively midge-conscious?

Not that I would under-estimate the midge. Though I do not myself suffer from their attentions (but I would not say that I have never been bitten), though I never use a repellent (I am a heavy pipe-smoker and they do not, evidently, approve of the brand I favour; but I do not remember being worried by them even as a child in a mountainous district of Wales where *Culicoides impunctatus*, the midge most addicted to human blood, was—and is—very common), I am well aware that there are many people who suffer intensely from midge-bites and that in some they cause severe inflammation and even sickness. I dare say that, if I lived in the Scottish Highlands, and particularly in Sutherland (which seems to be the most midge-infected part of the British Isles; I believe I am correct in saying that it has been estimated by scientists that an acre of midge-infested ground in that county will hold a population in excess of 50,000,000—which means quite a lot of bites, when you come to think about it), I should regard midges in a very different light.

ON ITS WAY UPSTREAM: Near the Bridge of Feugh, over the River Dee at Banchory, Aberdeenshire, a salmon leaps in the turbulent waters on its journey to the upper reaches. Salmon swim from the sea to their breeding grounds in the shallow waters at the sources of rivers.

There can be no doubt that, where they are thick on the ground, they do constitute a menace. There are plenty of stories of anglers being driven away from rivers by them and there have been occasions when work in forestry plantations has had to stop owing to their appetite. I have seen it stated somewhere that constant attack by midges affects the milk yield of dairy cows—a serious matter for the farmer.

No, I would not under-estimate the midge. I do not, fortunately, live in a midge-infested area—not that we have not plenty—and I can, therefore, take a fairly impartial interest in them. I do find them very interesting. There are thirty-five different species of midges in the British Isles. I do not pretend to be able to tell one species from another: they all look alike to me, just midges. I suspect this to be true for everybody else, except the few midge specialists. I have just been reading a paper in *New Biology* by one of the latter, Dr. Alec Parker, and it is apparent that there are very considerable differences, not only in appearance but also in habit.

The life history, however, seems to be pretty well the same for all of them. The female lays batches of eggs, between 50 and 100 at a time, on a moist surface. (This has been discovered in laboratory work: no one has ever found a midge egg in nature, which seems to me, a layman, a most astonishing thing.) The egg stage, in almost all the midges, lasts only a few days, and so does the pupal stage. But in many species the insect over-winters in the larval stage and probably in most of them this stage lasts for several months; often, it must be, for as long as eleven months. By contrast, the adult midge lives only for a few weeks. One female has been kept alive in a laboratory for three-and-a-half months, but most, even under such conditions, live only about three weeks and it is probably safe to put the life of the adult midge, under natural conditions, at not more than a fortnight.

Only the female bites. The male is a pleasant, harmless creature, a sipper of nectar and plant juices, but, as with the mosquito, the female has to have a blood-meal to ensure the development of the eggs. Not all midges, I am told, bite man. I gather that all British midges do so, but that some prefer cattle and other farm animals; some even prefer birds, falling back upon man only when these first choices are not readily available. However, the one with a definite preference for man, *C. impunctatus*, is the most widespread of all British midges and, on high ground, is by far the most common. In built-up and suburban areas, however, the common midge is *C. obsoletus*, which most people would maintain has as pronounced a preference for man as *impunctatus*. An intriguing point about distribution is that in North London (and, I gather, in North London alone) the place of *C. obsoletus* as the common midge is taken by *C. vexans*. I wonder why. I wonder what particular conditions there are in North London which appeal so strongly to this aptly-named midge.

But there are a good many things about midges which are not yet understood. It is known that the female midge must have a blood-meal to ensure the proper development of her eggs. But how does she get this blood-meal in districts where there are few humans and no cattle or sheep or deer? There are parts of Sutherland like that, but they hold midges in their thousands. Does the female fly a long way for her blood-meal? One would not suppose her capable of doing so. Can it be that, if put to it, she will lay eggs without the preliminary blood-meal? It is an intriguing problem.

And then, the evening dance of the midges—there is also a dance in the morning, but it is on nothing like the same scale—what is its purpose? Evening after evening, from about the middle of April until the end of October, but especially at midsummer and in late September, the midges dance in a sheltered spot in my garden. They form a column, the bottom of which is at its lowest about 2 ft. from the ground; the top, at its highest, about 12 ft. from the ground.

The column rises and falls, but it never spreads out sideways. The dance goes on and on, maybe for two hours or so, and then, suddenly, there are no midges.

They will be there again the following evening, in exactly the same place, behaving in exactly the same manner. Changes in temperature seem to have no effect on them, and they do not object to a drizzle, but I have never seen them dance on a windy evening. This dancing swarm is composed entirely of males. You can walk through it—even my wife, who is allergic to midges, can walk through it, and without the protection of D.P.M.—you can stand in the midst of it, and never be bitten. Presumably, these are males waiting for females—that seems to be generally accepted. But where are the females? I, at any rate, have never seen any dashing up to claim a mate. True, I cannot tell a male from a female at sight; what I mean is that the column seems to be ready-formed when the dance begins, and it does not seem to increase or decrease as the dance progresses. You might think, judging from this, that males far outnumber females. In fact, in collections made with hand-nets, females in most species have far outnumbered males. It is all very odd.

But then, there is a good deal more to a midge than meets the eye. You would think that, with all these modern insecticides, it would be a simple matter to clear midge-infested areas. Well, they have done a good deal of spraying with DDT preparations in Scotland without success. For some reason, which is not yet understood, DDT, so fatal to other insects, does not affect the midge. But in the laboratory it does. It is all very odd.

THE LAST PARADE OF THE 3RD BATTALION, THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS: To the strains of "Old Lang Syne," the Colours are marched off the parade-ground at Wellington Barracks, in London. The picture was taken last week during the farewell parade of the battalion before it was placed in "suspended animation" under the Army's reorganisation scheme. *On left*—General Sir Charles Lloyd, Colonel of the Regiment, takes the salute of officers and men of the battalion. He read a message from the Queen, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, in which she referred to the "distinguished record of service both in war and peace" of the battalion, formed in 1897. The parade, which lasted for an hour, ended with the battalion "moving to the right in sixes" and marching off for the last time. Officers and men are being divided among the 1st and 2nd battalions of the Regiment.

CHANGES IN THE GUARDS

Farewell to a Coldstream Battalion; New Rifles at Buckingham Palace

THE F.N. RIFLE MAKES ITS DEBUT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The New Guard marches to duty with the Army's new 7.62 mm. or F.N. self-loading rifles carried at the shoulder. They took over from the Old Guard, which carried the familiar Lee-Enfield rifle for the last time.

ON DUTY WITH THE NEW WEAPON: The first Guardsman to do duty outside the Palace with the F.N. rifle is the target for many cameras recording this historic event. There is controversy regarding the merits of the rifle for guard duty.

LONDON FROM THE AIR

Some Recent Views Taken from the Air of Old and New Landmarks

LONDON'S CATHEDRAL AND ITS SURROUNDINGS TWENTY YEARS AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II: St. Paul's, which was itself seriously damaged during the war, has near it many buildings erected on bombed sites. At the East End of the Cathedral is the crescent façade of a Bank of England office.

The pictures of Central London on these pages are apposite to mark the twentieth anniversary of the outbreak of World War II. The buildings of the capital which were damaged during the years of the conflict are irreplaceable. German bombs destroyed more of the City and its adjacent areas than the Great Fire of September 1666. After the holocaust of Charles II's reign, the greatest of British architects, Christopher Wren, propounded a magnificently planned rebuilding. His schemes were turned down, for the most part because of lack of imagination on the part of the authorities and because of the demands of commercial interests. When in the mid-twentieth century, after the second and far more widespread holocaust, London again had to be rebuilt, attention was paid to the voices of architects and planners. New building has been controlled to a very considerable extent. Inevitably there are arguments about the æsthetic merits of some of the new constructions. But taken together they are an attempt to blend the contemporary with the traditional. At least in walking around the streets one should agree with Dr. Johnson: "When a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford."

RAMA OF THE CITY: Along the
rve of Queen Victoria Street in
e foreground are, on the far side,
om left, the white building of
rsday House, and next to it the
llege of Arms. Further up are the
ss of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, a
urch rebuilt by Wren and very
riously damaged in the last war.
yond the church is the new
ilding of the *Financial Times*.

left—
EW OF THE THAMES: Looking up-
ream from the Pool are: Tower
idge, London Bridge, Cannon
reet railway bridge, Southwark
idge and Blackfriars Bridge. On
ght behind Tower Bridge is the
wer of London, with, beyond, the
rt of London Authority building.

right—
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: Looking
ross Westminster Bridge, the
eaker's House is at the near end
the Terrace by the side of the
mes. To the left of Big Ben, or
e Clock Tower in Parliamentary
nguage, is the new House of
mmons, rebuilt after being
riously damaged by wartime
mbs. To left of it, below the tall
ret of the Central Hall and Vic-
ria Tower, is the House of Lords.

The Sphere of Travel

THE ITALY OF THE ETRUSCANS

Many of the Vast Burial Grounds of Possibly the Earliest Civilized People in Italy Lie Near Rome; There are Other Remains in Tuscany and Umbria

By GORDON COOPER

THERE are few more exciting experiences for the traveller than to come across some unexplained mystery. What, for instance, was the cause of the extinction of the Minoan civilisation in Crete? Who were the builders of Zimbabwe? What is the origin of the Basques? For what purpose were the *nuraghe* in Sardinia and the *talayots* in Minorca created—and by whom? And, for the purpose of this article, who were the Etruscans, who acted as teachers to the Romans and are reputed to have been the earliest of the civilised peoples of Italy?

There is an increasing interest in this mysterious race whose chief remaining relics have been in the form of massive tombs and their contents. Although Roman history and legend is full of references to this people, little is known of their language and origins.

Some scholars hold that the Etruscans were related to the Rhæti, who were domiciled in the Alps and established themselves in Italy. Another view is that Hellenic mariners (the Tyrrhenians), landing on the coast of Etruria, constituted themselves their aristocracy, in the same way as the conquering Aryans in Armenia and in the empire of the Hittites in Asia Minor became a military caste. The earlier, monetary system of the Etruscans, their alphabet, and their gods seem to be of Greek origin. These factors lend force to this latter suggestion.

Some of Rome's legendary seven kings were Etruscan, and so was the primitive social and political order of Rome's infancy. Rome's original great buildings were erected by this race before 500 B.C. Among them was a magnificent temple to Jupiter, Juno and Minerva, on the Capitoline Hill. The Etruscans were handicapped in their architectural efforts by a lack of good building stone, and they therefore made extensive use of terra-cotta, a hard pottery, and of tuff or volcanic ash. The Capitoline temple had walls of tuff coated with stucco; and the figures with which it was adorned were of terra-cotta. In the course of time better materials were obtained.

The Etruscans displayed a genius for making portraits in terra-cotta. What distinguishes these portraits from those produced by other nations of the ancient world is that they were not idealisations, but had "character." Each portrait gave an impression of an individual person. It was probably the blending of these three artistic elements—Greek, Etruscan, Roman—that gave Italy the genius for art which made the Italian Renaissance possible.

The fine collections in the Villa Giulia Etruscan Museum in Rome, which is beautifully housed, and in several rooms of the Capitoline and Vatican Museums, bear witness to the sophisticated excellence of Etruscan arts and handicrafts. A look at the fascinating record of this ancient people in these museums will surely arouse a desire to see the places where the Etruscans lived.

Many of the thriving centres of Etruria lie close to Rome, where one can see the imposing burial-grounds, the ruins of their temples and cities, all of which speak eloquently of the mighty civilisation which that mysterious people built. Tuscany and Umbria are two other districts of Italy which are rich in Etruscan remains.

Outstanding are the Etruscan burial cities, and they are a denial of the purely utilitarian concept of existence. Fabulous sums must have gone to the making of these necropoli, and from the point of view of posterity they were a good investment, for more than anything else they have preserved the memory of a race of people who would otherwise be little known.

For instance, take Cerveteri, north of Rome and about four miles from the sea. Here the city, with a high level of power and prosperity, stood on high ground, as did most Etruscan towns. But while ruins of some temples indicate the importance of this city, the real attraction is centred in the Necropolis. This vast cemetery covers an area of 670 acres, not counting isolated groups of tombs. All types of interment are represented: chamber tombs of various periods alternate with other kinds. Some of them are colossal, with diameters exceeding 130 feet and they contain several hypogea, with chambers or with passages. Among these thousands of tombs there can be seen the richness of funeral architecture.

In this city of the dead with roads, tumuli and chamber tombs, which girdled the living city on all sides, you witness the life-span of a civilisation extending from the eighth century B.C. to the first or second A.D. Outstanding in what is called the Banditaccia sector are the Tomb of the Shields and Chairs, the Tomb of the Painted Animals, the Tomb of the Reliefs (also known as the Beautiful Tomb), the Tomb of the Barn, the Tomb of the Capitals, the Tomb of the Alcove, and the Tomb of the Sarcophagi. In the Monte Abatone tract of the cemetery are the Campana and Torlonia Tombs. In the Sorbo sector one can see the famous Regolini-Galassi Tomb, whose rich furnishings are now on display in the Gregorian Etruscan Museum. Most of the beautiful objects found in the other tombs are to be seen in the Villa Giulia Museum.

Continuing north along the Via Aurelia to Tarquinia, the Etruscan port of Pyrgi is passed. Recent excavations have brought to light remains of Etruscan buildings and interesting fragments of clay sculpture belonging to a temple. Ruins of the port and of Etruscan and Roman harbour installations may be seen below the level of the sea when the weather is calm.

The hill town of Tarquinia goes back to 1000 B.C. It was one of the twelve great Etruscan cities, and the most important of Southern Etruria. With its nearby great necropolis it has yielded some fascinating evidence of Etruscan civilisation. Among the ruins are imposing stretches of wall, and the foundation of a temple known as the Queen's Altar.

The most interesting portion of the archæological zone is the burial-ground. There is a great variety of styles of tomb in the burial-grounds: one can see ordinary graves, chambers with mounds, chambers without mounds, and tombs built especially for cremation.

Of outstanding appeal are the painted tombs, which are found only at Tarquinia. The subjects of the paintings fall into two groups: those dealing with everyday life on earth, and those dealing with themes from Greek mythology. A number of the tombs are open to the public, among them the following (named for their subjects): Hunting and Fishing, Lionesses, The Maiden, the Banquet, the Wizard, the Bulls, the Baron.

LATE AUTUMN HOLIDAYS

Although October can be a variable month for a holiday abroad, it is quite possible to be lucky and find a place which is enjoyable. The crowds have gone and some hotels may be closed, yet good accommodation is usually available.

This year, at the end of September, I go myself to Wiesbaden and then on to Tangier. Both are easily reached from Britain and provide opportunities for interesting excursions, as well as entertainment in the evenings. Some other favoured spots at this season include Locarno and Lugano, Hvar with its Madeira climate on the Dalmatian coast, Palma (Majorca), and Algeciras, in Spain; at the last-named the main attraction is the comfortable and luxurious Hotel Reina Cristina. In Portugal, Praia da Rocha, on the Algarve coast, should be warm and pleasant, and in France October should be attractive in Menton, and in Paris, with its environs. In the case of Italy, I think the season is ideal for comfortable exploration of the art cities, especially Rome and Florence, which can be so stifling and exhausting in the summer months. For a restful holiday, however, my own fancy turns to Ravello, near Naples; it is surely one of the loveliest spots in all Europe. And don't forget the attractions of Britain, with Skye and Torquay as suggestions.

THE TOMBS OF THE ETRUSCANS: *Left*—A narrow path winds between the round Etruscan tombs, which have battered retaining walls made of tufa blocks, surmounted by a mound of earth, overgrown with grass. *Right*—The vast cemetery of various-sized circular tombs, called the Necropolis, has its nucleus on a hill named Banditaccia, to the north-west of Cerveteri, which is not far from Rome. From the tombs, it has been possible to obtain a picture of Etruscan civilisation. Some of the chambers are 130 ft. in diameter.

...IST ETRUSCAN CE...ETERY: Huge elaborate tombs are scattered over the Necropolis covering some 670 acres near Cerveteri. The town derives its name from Cære Vetus—Cære became one of the most important towns of the Etruscan Confederation and early in its history was allied to Rome. In medieval times the town was abandoned because of malaria, but later was re-inhabited. On the Necropolis are many different kinds of tombs; some have carvings and columns with archaic Doric capitals, and others wall paintings.

When you are in Tarquinia don't fail to visit the ...ional Museum there. It lies in the modern town and ...ses many of the artifacts discovered in the excavations, ...a number of sarcophagi. These sarcophagi, or ...erary urns, show in sculptured relief the usually ...umbent figures of the dead, as well as in some cases ...thological subjects from the Theban or Trojan cycles. ...u must, however, visit Volterra, in Tuscany, where in ...e Guarnacci Museum there is a remarkable collection ...over 600 Etruscan cinerary urns, mostly of the third ...tury B.C., in alabaster or terra-cotta, with other curious ...cts. In addition, this characteristic medieval walled ...n, once an important Etruscan city, has Etruscan walls, ...ich are well preserved at many points and had a circum-...rence of 5½ miles—nearly three times that of the medieval ...ls. It is a pity this Tuscan town is not better known ...tourists, for, apart from its Etruscan appeal, its medieval ...ildings (town hall, cathedral, etc.) well reward a visit.

Returning again to Latium, other former Etruscan ...ns of importance include Barbarano, nearby Blera, ...sena on the north-west shore of Lake Bolsena, Castle ...sso, five miles from Viterbo, Falerii Veteres, Nepi, ...ophia, Scorano, Sutri with its Etrusco-Roman amphi-...atre, Tolfa, Tuscania, Veio and Vulci. In all these ...ces there are Etruscan cemeteries, some fabulously ...h in treasures. In some cases, too, there are remains ...buildings, including temples, and baths.

Farther north, in Tuscany and Umbria, among the ...portant Etruscan city-states were Arezzo, Chiusi, ...iona, Fiesole, Marzabotto (fifteen miles from Bologna), ...ieto, Perugia, Populonia (the only Etruscan city on ...sea), and the previously mentioned Volterra. Etruscan ...mination also extended southwards into Campania, ...ere there are various remains in Capua, Pompeii, ...stum and Salerno. The questing visitor would do well ...enquire at the local museum or tourist office in each ...n regarding relics and sites.

In ancient times the Etruscans were one of the most ...gious peoples of the West. Their whole life was ...minated by the continuous dread of supernatural forces ...ich almost eliminated human personality; the divinities ...truded into every sector of human endeavour. Closely ...ked, too, with this was their concept of the other world. ...e the ancient peoples of the Orient, they believed in the ...ival of the dead in the tombs and in a close relation-...p between the life of the shades and the earthly body. This concept, on the one hand, favoured the imitation ...the house in the structure of the urns and the sepulchres ...d the presence of clothing, jewels, food, weapons and ...ensils beside the corpses, and, on the other hand, the effort to perpetuate the individual physiognomy of the defunct in the burial portrait. The paintings in the tombs, with their funeral scenes, banquets, dances and episodes from everyday life, were also linked with most ancient beliefs.

The paucity of Etruscan habitations prevents us from reconstructing satisfactorily the living environment in Etruria. It is only from the excavations of the necropoli that a complete and well-delineated picture of their private life emerges. While the Etruscan language offers no difficulties in decipherment, there has been the problem of gauging the significance of the words. Actually, only a few original texts have survived.

Despite the considerable researches that have been, and are being, made into the romance of Etruria, it still remains largely a mystery. It is a mystery that fascinates the ordinary man just as much as it does the expert. A holiday in Italy can have added zest for anyone who wishes to probe further into the lives of this people.

NEW DEPARTURES AND LATE ARRIVALS

This winter a holiday in Israel has been made very much cheaper by air lines offering travel agents a greatly reduced return fare for clients booking an inclusive holiday. Some idea of the reduction can be obtained by comparing what an eight- or nine-day holiday cost last year and this. Although prices vary according to the number of people travelling in a party, if you take three persons as a yardstick, then the cost per head this year of an inclusive holiday visiting Jerusalem, Haifa and Tel-Aviv is £157 13s., compared with £215 7s. last year. By staying in one place such as Tel-Aviv for a fortnight the cost can be still further reduced to £148 19s. This reduced air fare facility begins on November 1, 1959, and finishes on February 28, 1960. It should be noted that the special inclusive air fare only applies to journeys completed in seventeen days. A further comparison can be made on the cost of a twenty-one day holiday in Israel, travelling by sea. The inclusive charge quoted by one travel agent is £168 each person. The fastest time to Israel by air will be by Air France Caravelle, which will fly via Rome to Tel-Aviv in six hours. El Al, the Israeli airline, have a Britannia service four times a week from London. There is also news that B.E.A. will be introducing the Comet 4 on this service sometime in October.

It is difficult to keep pace with the time-tables of inter-continental jet planes. The Polar Jet Service just inaugurated by Pan American leaves London at nine o'clock on a Monday morning and arrives at San Francisco at 4.45 the same afternoon, local time. The return journey indicates the real difference in time, the plane leaving San Francisco on Wednesday at 9.30 in the morning and arriving in London at 7.5 a.m. next day. It would help air travellers if the actual journey in hours was quoted both by air companies and travel agents. Local time is always so very confusing.

The Costa del Sol, on the south coast of Spain, is becoming so popular for late holidays that B.E.A. have had to continue their direct night tourist flights to Gibraltar at full frequency until the end of October.

Finding 5s. for the coach fare between the West London Terminal and London Airport Central is always a nuisance, especially when you are trying to avoid carrying small change. The news, therefore, that from the beginning of September both travel agents and airline offices will be able to sell these tickets in advance, when the air ticket is being bought, will meet with general approval.

The new S.S. *Bremen* recently called in at Southampton on her maiden voyage to New York. This remarkable liner of 32,300 tons has two features which will prove very attractive to present-day passengers. There is practically no difference between first class and tourist class; indeed, part of the dining-room can be switched to either class according to demand. The public rooms, particularly those of the tourist class, are exceedingly spacious. Architectural skill and clever decor have combined to provide an unusual and extensive perspective.

Motorists travelling in their own or hired cars on the Continent would be advised to take particular notice of new speed limits in France and Switzerland. On certain roads, at the week-end, in France a speed limit of 90 kilometres per hour is enforced, and in Switzerland, in built-up areas, 60 kilometres per hour is the new maximum speed allowed, but drivers are warned that special speed notices are set up on certain road sections elsewhere.

When time is short, a tour is the only way you can see the best of a vast country like India. Just announced is a new thirty-three-day tour costing £502 10s. per head, travelling by air out and back, and visiting Bombay, Mysore, Bangalore, Madras, Calcutta, Darjeeling (for a view of Mount Everest at sunrise), Benares, Delhi, and, of course, Agra for the Taj Mahal. Alternatively there is a fifteen-day tour of Ceylon for £369 10s.

W. D. C. C.

A REVOLVING AUDITORIUM

An Unusual Feature in an Open-Air Theatre in Finland

AN EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE FOR THE AUDIENCE: *Above*—In the "Summer" or Open Air Theatre in Tampere, in Southern Finland, spectators in the revolving auditorium face one of the scenes. *Below*—The audience has been turned in a half-circle to another of the settings. The auditorium, believed to be unique of its kind, was designed by a group of Finnish architects and first used this summer in the season which recently finished. Performances were given from mid-June until mid-August. The repertoire consisted of two plays, both by Finnish dramatists, and during the two months a total of sixty-nine performances was seen by 50,000 people. The maximum capacity for the auditorium is 800. Great interest has been aroused by Tampere's experimental theatre, and there have been many inquiries about it from abroad. The producers are reported to be looking for plays for next year's season, which will be especially suitable for performance in the open air with the employment of the revolving auditorium. Finland has ten summer theatres. That at Tampere is probably the best known, the town being the country's chief centre of drama, apart from Helsinki.

TRANSISTORS: A REVOLUTION IN RADIO

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

FEW people in the trade, a few years ago, would have predicted any marked surge in demand for radio sets in Britain. There can be hardly any household in Britain that does not contain at least one; they have turned out to be genuinely durable consumer goods that will work for a very long time before actually wearing out, and even if the quality of their reproduction fades it takes a long time to irritate the unmusical ear of the average Briton. Even the normal replacement demand one expects from a "population" of 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 sets, over some recent years, had been overlain by the expenditure of the public upon equipping themselves with their first television sets. The usual form of domestic electronics competed with steam radio not only for consumers' spare income, but afterwards for an even more precious and commercially valuable commodity, their leisure time. How often has one heard, "We never listen to the radio now"?

Yet there has been, in the last twelve months, quite a substantial increase in sales of radio sets; television has been no longer the only, nor even the fastest, growing element in the domestic electronics trade. There seem to have been various influences at work here. Hire purchase has become easier for everything: though radio sets are cheap enough nowadays for more and more people to pay cash, that must have had some influence. The somewhat improved quality that VHF reception offers may have tipped more people over to replacing their old sets which cannot receive it: those bought just after the war, somewhat redolent of utility, are, after all, now ten years old. Are more people now through their television honeymoon?

More important than these, perhaps, is a fresh convolution of the increasingly affluent mass society in Britain. The biggest competitor to television, especially in a year as fair as this one, is personal mobility: the motor-car and even the scooter. It competes, once again, for leisure time; moreover, it is for the moment quite incompatible. "Portable," for a television, almost always means a set one can move, cautiously, into another room; rightly or wrongly, most of us are rather cautious about taking a cathode ray tube about in the back of a car.

It does so happen that the very moment at which the ownership of private motor transport has begun to expand faster than ever in Britain, as free as hire-purchase, is one when radio sets—and even baby radiograms or electronic record-players—have become more portable than ever. A large part in the recent growth of radio sales has been played by car radios; an even larger part, on which radio manufacturers at this year's show were clearly pinning a great deal of faith, upon portable receivers that can go wherever their owner drives but need not stay in the car when he gets out. The really tiny portable set, as small as a purse or even a cigarette-packet, is becoming a rage with the teen-age market. In one of her recent, and more charming, films Miss Brigitte Bardot jitterbugged around to the music of a tiny radio-set waving about in one of her hands; in selling to the young, one cannot ignore the arbiters and pace-setters of teen-age taste.

Technically, it has been possible to make very small radio sets for quite a time: "miniaturisation" of components, including valves, went quite a way during the war. But even more advance towards the infinitesimal in electronics has become possible with the mass manufacture of transistors, and sets using these devices instead of valves have appeared in large numbers among the vast array of new portable models put on the market in the last eighteen months. "Transistorised" is quite a vogue word even among customers: in manufacturing technique, associated with printed circuits, it signifies a minor revolution.

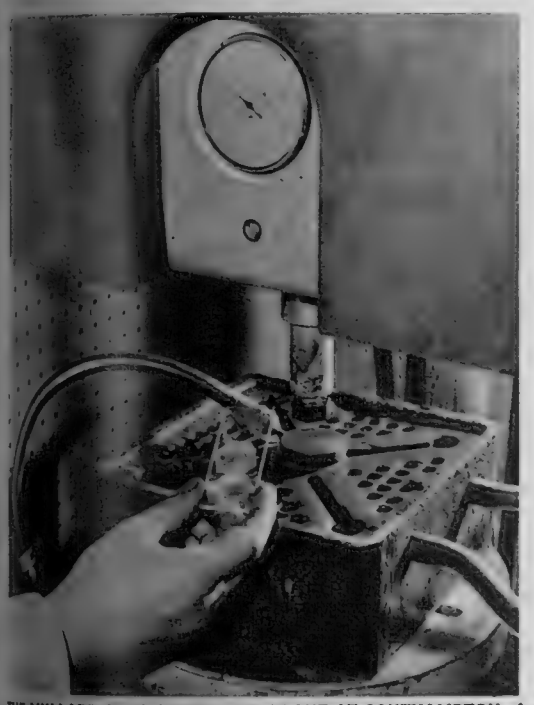
The transistor, developed in June 1948 at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in the U.S.A., after several years of study of "solid-state" physics, employs the peculiar electrical qualities of a class of materials called semi-conductors. These materials, such as germanium and silicon, are not good conductors of electricity, but not quite insulating non-conductors either: it is possible to induce a weak flow of electrons within them by applying current from outside. These materials have been used since the beginnings of radio, for example, in crystal sets; as knowledge of their properties developed it was realised that they might be used to amplify weak currents in somewhat the same way as an ordinary vacuum tube does, modifying an existing flow of electrons in the vacuum or the solid with an external voltage.

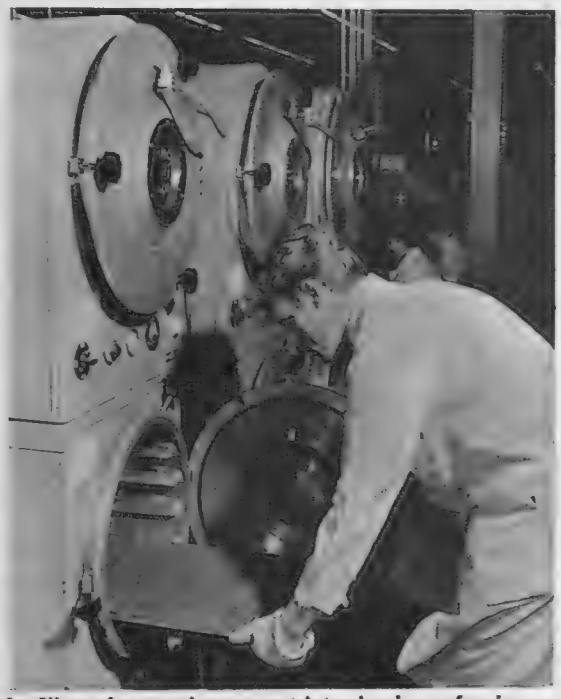
It took some time to transfer this idea from theory into practice; and more, after the invention was achieved, to make transistors thoroughly reliable. Some of the impetus, as so often, came from defence requirements: missiles required more and more electronic guidance gear packed into them, which needed to be ultra-compact and resistant to the shocks of discharge. Since that basic invention in 1948, fresh elaborations and applications of specialised transistors and semi-conductor devices have multiplied in the more complex uses of electronics; but the biggest advance in terms of £ s. d., perhaps, has been the rather delayed introduction of the ordinary germanium diode transistor into domestic radio sets.

These small robust devices fit most conveniently into the printed circuits and built-up packs of components now being used in much electronic equipment. In such units a grooved baseboard of insulating material is coated with metal, most of which is later etched off, leaving only the "wires" printed into the surface: the various components required can then be plugged or stapled into the baseboard, obviating the intricate tangle of specialised wiring that used to be required. It is possible to set up complete systems for automatic assembly of radio units built in this way.

No fewer than eleven British electronics firms are now manufacturing transistors, and twelve more are making other equipment utilising semi-conducting equipment. Mullard is probably the biggest producer: it will be making about 7,000,000 transistors this year out of perhaps 25,000,000 produced in the whole country, and by the end of the year its rate of production alone will approach 20,000,000. G.E.C., Standard Telephones and Cables, A.E.I., English Electric, Plessey and Philco together, and Ferranti are other big names in this growing business; and there are some newly-important companies, such as Newmarket Transistors and Texas Instruments Limited. Most of the prominent makers of home radios and record-players now offer equipment using transistors.

It seems fairly unlikely that transistors could replace vacuum thermionic valves in all applications; but over a wide area of overlapping uses, they may replace valves for most common purposes. At the moment they remain more expensive: a transistorised portable radio, for example, may cost £20-30 against £8-15 for similar receivers using valves. But as production builds up, costs should fall and enable the transistor to compete on price as well as performance. Steady improvement in performance, with much less than the general inflation in costs, has been the radio and television industry's quite substantial contribution, over the last thirty years, towards price stability. The "transistorisation" of home electronics will have to fit into that pattern to achieve full success.





THE MULLARD SEMI-CONDUCTOR PLANT AT SOUTHAMPTON: *Left*—Slices of germanium are cut into circular wafers by an ultrasonic drill. After they have been etched to reduce their thickness, the wafers form the base region of the transistors. *Right*—Ovens are used to heat and prepare the grease which is used in the transistor bulbs.

ASSEMBLING A TRANSISTOR: At the Southampton plant, an operator, working under a glass cover, assembles an alloyed transistor on its glass base. These robust transistor devices are very small. Mullard Ltd. is probably the biggest producer of transistors in Great Britain, but in all eleven British electronics firms are engaged in their manufacture.

A NEW TUNNEL UNDER THE THAMES

In the foreground is the entrance to the Dartford side of the Dartford-Purfleet Tunnel under the Thames. Almost a mile long and sunk 25 ft. below the bed of the river, the tunnel is being built at a cost of approximately £11,000,000. Work started before the war when a pilot tunnel, 12 ft. in diameter, was constructed to explore the ground and to make way for the larger one. The war stopped this and a fresh start was made in 1956. Two shafts were sunk on opposite banks of the river and tunnelling began inwards and landwards. In the spring of this year the two sides of the tunnel met under the river, and work is now going on pushing the tunnel towards the entrances which have been built further inland on the banks. These operations are expected to be finished within a year. Afterwards, construction of a 21-ft.-wide carriageway inside the 28-ft.-diameter tunnel will begin, with the finishing of walls and the installation of lighting and ventilation. It is expected that traffic will be using the tunnel in three years' time. The contracting engineers are Edmund Nuttall, Sons and Co. (London) Ltd., and the consulting engineers Mott, Hay and Anderson.

HEATING A RUGBY PITCH

Snow and ice have, in the past, caused many Rugby football matches to be cancelled at Murrayfield Rugby Ground in Edinburgh. This should not happen in the future, for work is being done to provide a means of heating the ground to thaw out the ice. The work is being carried out by the David Brown Corporation. It consists of laying electric cable 6 ins. below the surface to form a kind of "electric blanket." David Brown have developed a special tractor for the task. *Above*—Mechanics are attaching a turf-cutting blade to the machine, fitted to the end of which is the special apparatus for laying the cable. The tractor cuts two narrow slits in the turf 6¾ ins. apart and each 6 ins. deep and lays the ¼-in. cable at the same time. *Below* are the turning loops of the cable in the pit dug to start the operation. At Murrayfield 39 miles of cable will be laid. The method has already been proved successful at the Everton Football Club's ground. Last year, to get the frost out of the ground at Murrayfield before the Scotland-Wales match four huge marquees were erected on the pitch and about seventy oil heaters were lit inside. Afterwards, straw was laid until just before the game.

On right—

A GIANT AVIATION FUEL TANKER

The first A.E.C. powered aviation super-fueller was handed over recently to the British Petroleum Company at the A.E.C. works at Southall, Middlesex. Standing beside the vehicle, from the left, are: Mr. C. Rees-Jenkins, Eastern Manager of British Petroleum, who received the truck; Mr. E. C. Davidson, Aviation Manager of B.P.; and Sir William Black, Chairman of A.E.C. Limited. Forming B.P.'s Yorkshire class of fuellers, the tankers can refuel the Comet 4 and the Boeing 707 in 15 minutes. Each delivers fuel at 750 gallons a minute and holds 10,000 gallons.

NIQUE CHINE ON EELS

The "Pipemobile" is used to carry out a pipe-laying scheme in Southern California, to bring water from the Colorado River to San Diego County. *Left*—The vehicle can carry a concrete section 13 ft. in diameter and weighing 67 tons. *Right*—Having been driven into the pipe section with the centre section lowered and the front wheel raised, the vehicle "humps" its back to raise the concrete. The front wheel is then lowered so that the "Pipemobile," wearing the pipe as a girdle, can be driven to the location. More than 2,500 pipe sections are being laid.

OW-PRESSURE TYRE FOR DIFFICULT TERRAIN

e terra-tyre, a low-pressure tyre capable of traversing difficult terrain, fitted to a odified Bedford truck and Dyson four-wheeled trailer, enables a heavy load to be d across the Romney Marsh during a demonstration of the tyre recently. The ks carrying a 10,000-lb. load of 30-ft.-long steel tubes. Developed by the Goodyear al Rubber Company, the barrel-shaped tyre is of tubeless construction, clamped pecially-designed wheels. It is claimed that the Terra-tyre can be used to cross and and swampland and, that tests have shown that it enhances mobility, increases e and reduces rolling resistance to a minimum. The tyres also serve as a spring are virtually puncture-proof and can be operated at high speed. At the demon- n organised by the Camberley, Surrey, firm of All Wheel Drive Ltd., a Land-Rover ith the tyres, and carrying nine adults, was driven successfully over boggy ground.

ITALIAN DESIGN IN BUILDING

Some of the most spectacular of modern buildings have been erected by the Italians. The use of curtain walling—cladding the outside of the building with a glass-and-metal structure rather than using traditional constructional materials—has been developed also in Britain and America, but the Italians have combined these techniques with a fine sense of design. *Left* is part of an office building in the Via Larga, in Milan, which has a curtain wall of aluminium and glass. *Right* is the Pirelli building in the same city. Both of these incorporate curtain walling by the Italian firm of Curtisa S.p.A. of Bologna. Under an agreement just concluded between this firm and the Crittall Manufacturing Co. Ltd., of Braintree, in Essex, Italian design techniques have become available in Britain. The agreement is exclusive and provides for a full exchange of information on aluminium design technique.

SPECIALISED VESSELS

An American Navy Roll on-Roll off Ship; An Underwater Explorer

AMERICAN METHODS FOR AMPHIBIOUS LANDINGS: A huge lorry rolls off the ramp of the U.S. Navy's cargo carrier, *Comet*, on to the flat deck of the U.S. Army's Beach Discharge Lighter, the *Lieut.-Col. John U. D. Page*. *Right*—The army lighter (right) is manœuvred stern first into position against the stern of the navy's cargo carrier. To bridge the gap, a ramp is being lowered from the *Comet*. After the two vessels have been aligned, the vehicles, including tanks, carried by the carrier, can be driven down the ramp on to the flat deck of the lighter. The shallow-draught *Page* then takes the vehicles into the beach, where they can be driven on to dry land. American Army and Navy techniques of amphibious landings are designed to provide a rapid transfer of equipment from ocean-going carrier vessels to the required landing point, without the use of harbour facilities. The *Comet* can accommodate 700 vehicles in two after-holds.

RESEARCH SHIP: The ...ch oceanographic survey ...al *Calypso* is berthed in ...w York harbour. Her after- ... the business end of the ship, ... crowded with tools of her ...-cables, winches and diving ... for lowering men and equip- ... into the depths of the sea. ...e right of the stern is a ...rm used by skin-divers in ... *Calypso*'s crew. On the left ...e first group on the upper ... the ship's master, Captain ...ues-Yves Cousteau, the ... French undersea explorer. ... was partly responsible for the ...tion of the Aqualung used by ...rs and has made films of his ...rnea expeditions since 1942. ... 1951, Captain Cousteau ... made annual voyages in ...pso using television apparatus ...n researches. His film, *The ... World* (adapted from the ... he wrote with Frédéric ...rael), was made using *Calypso*, ... received several international ...ds. Just over two years ago ... research ship set up a world ...rd by anchoring for two days ...e Atlantic in 24,606 ft. of ...r. *Calypso* was arriving at ...w York for the first Interna- ...l Oceanography Congress, ...h opened on August 31 and ...h finished this week. The ...gress, sponsored by the ...rican Association for the ...ancement of Science and ...E.S.C.O., was attended by ...re than 500 scientists from ...y countries. More than 1,000 ...ntific abstracts, ranging from ..."History of Oceans" to ...clear Processes in Marine ...mentation," were discussed ...ng the fortnight. A party of ...-one Russian scientists arrived ...the Soviet research ship *Mikhail* ...ssovov. Five U.S. vessels were ...at New York for the Congress.

NAVIGATIONAL AIDS: A member of *Calypso's* crew sits in front of some of the vessel's instruments. Among them are depth and wave recorders, a current meter and a temperature recorder.

IN ONE OF THE HOLDS: Crew members are at work beside the diving saucer, a new device for plumbing the ocean depths. The saucer, which holds two men, can dive more than 650 ft.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE OCEAN BOTTOM: At the stern of *Calypso* are two sleds lashed together. These are used for taking cameras down to the sea bed. *Calypso*, a former minesweeper, has been used in making under-water films.

The World of Books

AUSTRALIANS AT WAR

The Record of the "Diggers"; Reports from Contemporary Poland and Spain; Carlo Levi's Impressions of Italy; Bond Street in Fiction and Angela Thirkell's New Novel

THE Australian soldier has been described as the bravest thing God ever made and also as a thieving scoundrel—among other terms. Now, in DIGGER (Cassell. 18s.), Mr. John Laffin has written the story of these men who first came into the headlines of the world's news during the South African War, fought in Gallipoli and Flanders during the First World War and distinguished themselves in North Africa and New Guinea in World War II. "Digger" is the generic term for them, coined during the Boer War and borne with pride every since. Their military history has often, as Mr. Laffin makes clear, been an unorthodox one—they would hardly be typical of their country if they accepted discipline unquestionably—but it has also been a very fine one and the author sees to it that it loses nothing in the telling.

His references to the Australian soldier's wry humour are among the best things in the book and so is the chapter on scrounging, an Army activity at which, it seems, the Digger excels and which is defined as "the acquisition of anything to which the scrounger feels he is morally entitled. (The word 'morally' is important.)" Feats in battle, on patrols and in No Man's Land are naturally given their proper importance and it is only when his sense of justice (I suspect) prompts Mr. Laffin to write an adverse word that he becomes a little disingenuous. There is something a little mild and milky about his opinion that "if the Digger has a serious weakness it is impatience." But, on the whole, this book fulfils a fine purpose and should make Australians prouder than ever before, if that were possible, of their fighting men.

Miss Martha Gellhorn's book THE FACE OF WAR (Hart-Davis. 18s.) is a selection from the reporting she did on wars in progress and wars about to be during eight years and in twelve countries. As she explains herself, nearly all of these pieces were written as quickly as possible, owing to the exigencies of news-gathering or because of her own desire to get facts and impressions down on to paper as soon as possible in order not to lose their immediacy and impact. "I was always afraid," writes Miss Gellhorn in a characteristically direct and candid introduction, "that I would forget the exact sound, smell, words, gestures which were special to this moment and this place. I hope I learned to write a bit better as the years passed."

I think the reader will find, though, that he is not so much concerned with the development of Miss Gellhorn's literary style as with the sharpness and truth of her reporting. As one of the self-styled Federation of Cassandras, the foreign correspondents, she saw war from very close to and she wrote about it on the spot as she found it: in Spain in 1937, in Finland two years later, in China two years after that ("I felt that it was pure doom to be Chinese"), in Italy, in Paris immediately after its liberation, at Dachau, behind the Battle of the Bulge, by the Gothic Line and in hospitals, bomber fields and many places in the England where this brave, enterprising and honest American writer now lives.

THE POLISH VOLCANO (Secker and Warburg. 25s.) is the work of another American woman journalist, Miss Flora Lewis, who has worked for English newspapers and weeklies and now lives in Germany, where her husband is correspondent for one of the world's greatest newspapers. Miss Lewis's book has the sub-title of "A Case History of Hope," and that goes a long way to explaining the purpose and the mood in which it has been written. Poland, as it is to-day, represents the only one of the Iron Curtain countries in Eastern Europe which is a serious challenge to the Soviet leaders, and this in spite of the fact that its own strong men, or at least many of their mouthpieces, are convinced Communists themselves. It is a country with a very long tradition of independence of spirit and of fighting against tyranny. That this spirit was far from dead was shown in 1956 when Gomulka was able to confront the men from Moscow, get a hearing for his views and, more than that, a measure of agreement. Miss Lewis has written of the events from 1956 to the present day and has done so in the main from an on-the-spot angle. Her book is serious, thoughtful and, where it is concerned more with action than with interpretation, of absorbing interest.

Mr. Arland Ussher is one of the number of writers who, year by year, visit Spain and return to record their impressions. Often these are accompanied by a portfolio of photographs, sometimes by neat little maps and plans of progress. Inevitably they interest readers in direct proportion to how much he was already fascinated by the subject of Spain before this particular book came along. SPANISH MERCY (Gollancz. 18s.) is a little different from these familiar volumes (many of which, incidentally, I have greatly enjoyed) being, for one thing, entirely bare of illustration and decorated only by the author's reflective and immensely entertaining style. Mr. Ussher spent five months on his Spanish travels, getting about for the most part by public transport and, with a few normal exceptions, doing more listening than talking. The result has made an enchanting book and, on occasion, a delightfully funny one.

THE HORN OF AFRICA (Angus and Robertson. 18s.) is the travel book in its more conventional form, photographs and all. British Somaliland was the scene of Mr. John Buchholzer's journeyings and his account has been translated from the original Danish by Mr. Maurice Michael. This part of Africa, aptly named if you will look at a map of the whole continent, has had its chroniclers but they have not been enough to take the freshness from this new book which, in spite of a certain lack of plan and captions which are short articles in themselves, has a great deal to attract the armchair traveller.

The distinguished Italian author of *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, has a new book of travel impressions, too, written at three different times in the past ten years and inspired by three visits which Dr. Carlo Levi made to Sicily. WORDS ARE STONES (Gollancz. 16s.) is a less important and indeed less spectacular book than the earlier one but I would not have missed reading it for a great deal, for here is Levi the painter, seeing villages, mountains and harbours in terms of colour and form and bringing his other, writer's, talent to their description, and Levi the humanist, who can never see a crowd without inquiring the cause of its gathering and lingering to see what climax or what small personal joy or tragedy is going to be the focal-point. He writes so simply and with so little evidence of effort or strain that it is a constant joy to read his work, and when, as here, he is writing with deep affection of places and people by whom he has been moved, the pleasure is all the more acute.

THE CAN-CAN DANCERS FROM MAXIM'S: In the revival by the Sadler's Wells Opera Company of their production of Franz Lehar's operetta *The Merry Widow*, at the London Coliseum, Count Danilo (Peter Grant) is surrounded by the dancers. Lehar's ageless charmer, the Merry Widow, is sung by June Bronhill.

With A HISTORY OF CORNWALL (Duckworth. 30s.), Mr. F. E. Halliday, a good Yorkshireman who nevertheless has a devotion to this adopted county, writes sensibly and with admirable lucidity about his subject, tracing the development of this most individual of English regions from 7,000 B.C. to our own days. In this enormous span Cornwall has known invasion, the first being about 1,800 B.C. by the oddly-named Beaker Folk, the most recent by the tourist traffic from the rest of the island. Cornwall has known civil war and rebellion, and it has been the centre of a succession of industries beginning with the Roman exploitation of Cornish tin and continuing until 100 years ago with copper mining and, more recently, the production and shipping of china clay, which, with the tourist trade, remains a staple industry there. I found Mr. Halliday's book well worth a careful reading and, which is not always or automatically the case, thoroughly enjoyable, too.

1764—THE HURLYBURLY OF DAILY LIFE EXEMPLIFIED IN ONE YEAR OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (Muller. 25s.) is a long and lively volume with an original presentation of a familiar theme, and when I add that it is by Mr. Jack Lindsay, the historical novelist who has made a study of this particular period, it is easy to deduce that the facts are given their full value in colour and drama. This was the year when transition between one philosophy of life and another began to show with an almost brutal clarity; when the industrial age was already foreshadowed (the crucial invention of the spinning jenny came in 1767); when infant mortality was so great that a contemporary reformer put it at 99 per cent. "for the parish infant poor"; when smuggling, the slave trade, Government abuses, extreme poverty and the hopelessness engendered made for a sense of melancholia among the articulate few—and when Dr. Johnson brought his great and practical mind to bear on his friend Goldsmith's problems and arranged for the publication of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Rich and fascinating stuff, more filled with histories of violence than compassion but everywhere pulsing with the crude forces of ignorance and prejudice of one sort or another.

After this, THE NOVEL OF VIOLENCE IN AMERICA (Arthur Barker. 25s.) comes as a calm, literary dissertation. Dr. W. M. Frohock has revised his thirteen-year-old American text in which he has set out to prove that violence pervades most American novels written since 1920 but that two strains of sensibility run through the works of the period. He has examined the work of such authors as Faulkner, Steinbeck, Wolfe, Caldwell, Hemingway, Dos Passos and the lesser-known Agee, and many of his conclusions (including his chapter on "The Menace of the Paper Back") are provocative enough to provide a kind of academic fun.

Two English novels this week are, in their contrasted ways, matters of regard. Mr. Norman Collins, for instance, sometimes thought to have come by a Dickensian touch but owing more, in my view, to the influence of Gilbert Frankau, has written BOND STREET STORY (Collins. 16s.). This is about an enormous general shop improbably situated in that thoroughfare and staffed by men and women of enormous goodwill of the kind one imagined obtaining *circa* 1911. Told in episodes, perfectly readable and sometimes quite funny but, unexpectedly, a period piece.

LOVE AT ALL AGES (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) is the newest novel in Mrs. Angela Thirkell's series of Barsetshire doings: elegant, involved and, by now, almost pathologically patronising. This is sad because, as always, there is so much in it for pleasure, amusement and delighted recognition.

Vernon Fane

AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE

Wolfe and the Heights of Abraham

s Wolfe cannot be classed with the greatest of British generals, Marlborough and Wellington. Fame rests on one short campaign culminating in a battle. But he was a soldier of remarkable talents, a superb trainer of his men and a master of amphibious war. He is naturally the central character in CAPTURE OF QUEBEC, by Christopher Lloyd (Batsford. 21s.), the second in the "British Battles" series in which the excellence of the illustrations is matched by the quality of the text. (The first, Oliver Warner's *Trafalgar*, was reviewed in this column last year.) Professor Lloyd, of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, has a well-established reputation as a historian, and in his new book he has the added advantage of personal knowledge of the ground over which the campaign was fought. British strategy in North America in 1759 against the French was based upon the need for controlling the St. Lawrence Valley. It was by maintaining this control that Canada was won. The scaling of the Heights of Abraham and the capture of Quebec were the culmination of a well-laid plan.

Professor Lloyd draws frequently upon contemporary accounts, both English and French, shows us the subsidiary characters round Wolfe and Montcalm, and gives us narrative history at its best. He firmly disposes of Gray's "Elegy" myth. The General was fond of the poem but could not conceivably have quoted it during an operation in which the strictest silence had been ordered. The author also examines the various versions of the dying commander's last words and comments on the absurdity of West's picture of the death-bed, still probably the best known of the various paintings of the battle.

Another highly recommended work of history is Nelson Glueck's RIVERS IN THE DESERT (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.). Since 1951 the author, an American archæologist, has spent some part of each year in the Negev, the desert area on the south border of Israel. Dr. Glueck describes civilisations which flourished two thousands of years ago and frequently relates descriptions from the Old Testament to their histories. He traces the route of the Israelites on the Exodus from Egypt and, not forgetting the present day, shows how the new Israel is rising on the ruins of the old. He writes with the ease of a scholar completely at home with his subject, and the reader will certainly ask for more.

Richard Bowers, another American, is also an expert in his field, which is the theatre. ENTERTAINMENT IN RUSSIA (Nelson. 42s.) can best be described as a guide-book to theatre, ballet and entertainments of a similar kind, such as puppets and circus, in the Soviet Union. Where plays or dances are comparatively new or little known outside the U.S.S.R., he gives lengthy descriptions of them. Since he could talk in their own language to many people he met, his book is a valuable contribution to our understanding of Russia.

"Science confirmed his (Darwin's) view that biological phenomena have a deterministic physico-chemical rather than a dualistic teleological basis. And, of course, science has not stopped there." Thus F. J. Poot-horst writes at the beginning of his SECRETS OF THE ANIMAL WORLD (Souvenir Press. 18s.). The reader should not waste time trying to discern the meaning of these introductory remarks, but get on to the ensuing chapters which contain interesting information about the habits of many animals, birds and insects.

If a zoo or private individual want the wildest and best of animals in any numbers, Peter Ryhiner is the man. He has spent his life as a professional collector and tells his story to Daniel Mannix in THE WILDEST GAME (Cassell. 21s.). There are many amusing adventures in remote jungles and the narrative is racy and entertaining throughout.

In contrast to the excitement of wild animals here is a book for those preferring quieter reading. Joan Dutton is an Englishwoman married to an American and has spent eight years travelling round American gardens. She now imparts the fruits of her researches in EXPLORING AMERICA'S GARDENS (Faber and Warburg. 35s.). A glance at the pictures should draw anyone who has the slightest appreciation of flowers to the enjoyment of this volume.

It is a pleasure to note the publication of BRITAIN'S ARTIST COLONY BY THE SEA, by Denys Val Baker (Phoenix House. 21s.). So much is heard about communities of artists in other lands that one tends to forget that Britain has a very flourishing one in the St. Ives district of Cornwall. Mr. Baker explains the attractions which have caused artists to settle in that district and tells something about the eminent painters, sculptors and potters who have their homes there. Illustrations are plentiful and good.

Pictorial volumes about London usually have a common pattern. PICTURE BOOK OF LONDON IN COLOUR (Country Life. 25s.), with photographs by G. F. Allen, is no exception. All the old familiar sights are here, from the Tower to Hampton Court Palace. Perhaps one day some enterprising person will produce a different London picture book. A start might be made with the Thames at Putney at high tide on a summer week-end, or in one of the many smaller parks in which Londoners relax and enjoy themselves.

C. D.

THE OPENING OF THE LONDON OLD VIC SEASON: In the production by Wendy Toye of *As You Like It* are from left, Phebe (Judi Dench—seated); Orlando (John Justin); Rosalind (Barbara Jefford); Jaques (Donald Houston); the Banished Duke (David King), and Celia (Maggie Smith—with her back to the audience). Touchstone is played by Alec McCowen.

"SWEET LOVERS LOVE THE SPRING": Watched by the Banished Duke, Orlando kisses Rosalind. Under the tree (left) are Judi Dench (Phebe) and John Stride (Silvius). Seated, left foreground, is Moyra Fraser as Audrey.

"A SWASHING AND A MARTIAL OUTSIDE": Barbara Jefford as Rosalind, dressed in the clothes of Ganymede, persuades Orlando to pretend she is in fact Rosalind.

In the Old Vic production of *As You Like It*, winter turns to brilliant spring in the Forest of Arden. Rosalind, as played by Barbara Jefford, is a romantic and witty heroine, rather than a muscular tomboy. This provides the key to the production by Wendy Toye, which was acclaimed by the critics. Under the spell-binding charm of the comedy, reinforced in this instance by placing it in elegant eighteenth-century sets and costumes, the absurdities of the lovers' behaviour, the conversions, and the *dénouement* become a believable story, at least to the audience. For once, the clown brings to life the humour of his part—Alec McCowen is a redheaded and fantastic Touchstone.

SHAKESPEARE AND HENRY JAMES

"THE ASPERN PAPERS": Elegantly dressed as Mrs. Prest, Pauline Jameson plays one of the subsidiary but important roles in Sir Michael Redgrave's adaptation of the story by Henry James, now running at the Queen's Theatre in London. As one of the servants in the old crumbling palazzo in Venice, the critics agreed that Pauline Jameson gave a fine supporting performance. The main parts are played by Sir Michael Redgrave, Beatrix Lehmann, and Flora Robson.

A RESULT OF THE FINE SUMMER: The Derwent Reservoir, one of three in North-Eastern Derbyshire, is almost completely dry. Only a thin stream of water lies at the bottom. Normally all three reservoirs, now half-empty, hold 10,000,000 gallons of water.

DECLINING RESERVOIRS

Falling Water-Levels in Derbyshire's Artificial Lakes

A PATTERN ON THE BED OF A RESERVOIR: The earth, usually many feet under water, is cracked and dry. In the background are stone pillars which carried a railway used in the building of the Howden Dam, but which have been submerged for many years.

A BRIDGE REAPPEARS: Before the flooding to make the reservoir, the bridge crossed the River Derwent. The falling of the water-level has revealed the ruins of the village of Derwent, which was submerged when the Lady Bower Reservoir was opened.

STEEPLECHASING IN THE MOONLIGHT: Mr. R. Benstead, on George, is followed over the first jump by Mr. C. Lockart on Golden Sunbeam. The steeplechase was organised by members of the East Sussex Hunt and took place at night at Birling. Altogether there were four races: one for children, one for men, one for women, and a mixed race. Afterwards there was a dance in Birling Manor which was attended by 600 people. Some 15,000 spectators turned out to watch the races, which were organised to raise funds for the Hunt. More than £500 was collected.

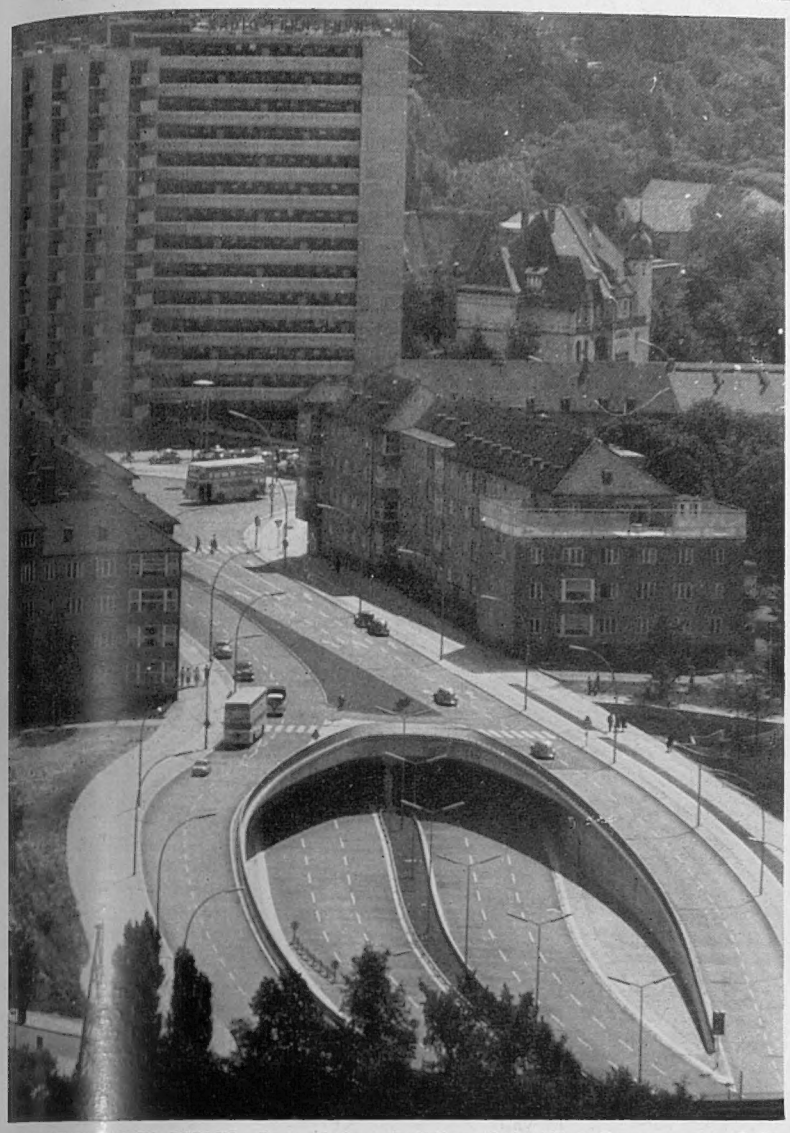
On left—

OVER A HURDLE: In the Ladies' Race, Miss Pam Nesfield, riding Oho, clears an obstacle in fine style. Most of the competitors gave an added touch of gaiety to the events organised by the East Sussex Hunt by wearing pyjamas or night-dresses during the races.

NIGHT RIDERS OF SUSSEX

Raising Funds for the East Sussex Hunt

TO THE STARTING-POST: Miss P. Cotton, on the grey Sea Cruise, and Miss N. Hales, on George, trot towards the start of the Ladies' Race. Miss Hales fell in the race and broke her collar-bone. However, she was able to attend the dance which followed.

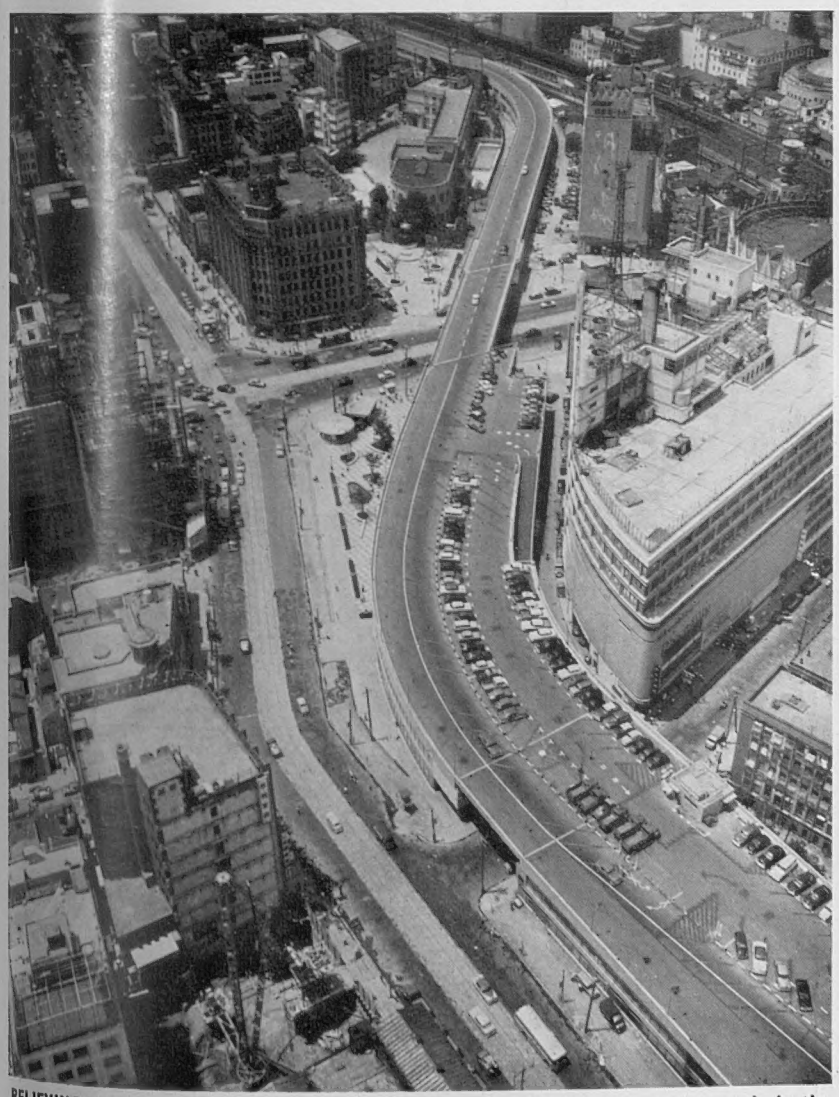


A NEW ROUTE INTO BERLIN : Part of the rebuilding of the West German part of the city has been the recently completed two-level entrance of the autobahn. In the background is a multi-storied skyscraper block, which has just been occupied. In the reconstruction programme of the roads and buildings, the outer autobahn, which runs round the outside connecting the suburbs, has reached a length of nearly 25 miles. Joining this route to the centre are four other main routes which total some 37 miles.

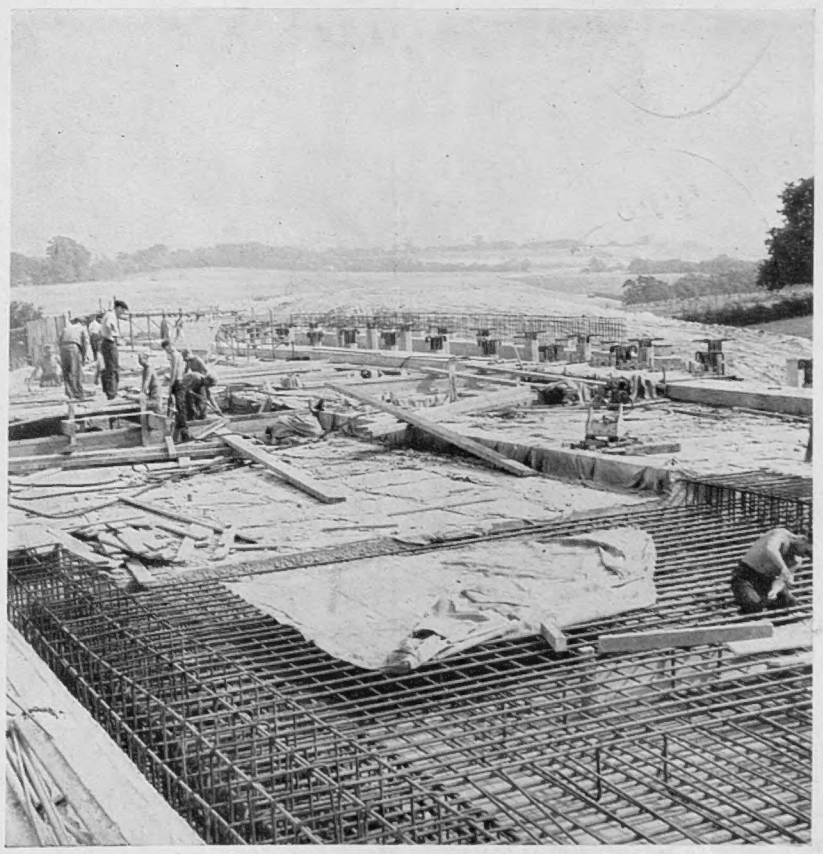
A NEW ROAD TO THE AIRPORT: The main entrance to the French airport at Orly, near Paris, was opened to traffic last week. Known as Highway 7 and some 4,500 yards long and 45 ft. wide, the road at several points is built under wide bridges. These are designed to accommodate buildings which are due to be erected at the air terminal. One of these bridges is well over 300 yards wide and is to be used as part of one of the take-off runways—it is claimed that even the largest of the jet airliners will be able to use this runway over the new road.

ROAD-BUILDING THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

New Routes Near Paris, Berlin, Tokyo and in Kent



RELIEVING TRAFFIC CONGESTION IN TOKYO: The by-pass, which was opened recently in the Japanese capital, runs through the centre of the city. In order to alleviate the amount of congestion on the streets, the by-pass also has provision for parking along much of the route. The length of the new road is about one mile and it connects the districts of Shimbashi and Yaesu. In the centre of Tokyo, at Sukiyabashi, the area shown in the picture, the route runs at rooftop level, with buildings underneath. The city authorities have planned a comprehensive scheme of reconstruction and new roads in an attempt to relieve the extremely crowded streets in the centre. New buildings being erected include those for the University.



PROGRESS ON A BY-PASS IN KENT: On the eastern section of the Maidstone By-pass the Chrismill railway crossing will be the biggest bridge. Carrying the route over the Maidstone-Dover line it will be supported by 102 columns. Much progress has been made on the 5¼-mile dual carriageway between the junction of the Maidstone to Chatham Road and Hollingbourne on the A.20 east of Maidstone. It is hoped that the route will be completed by next July. Already five of the eight bridges have been substantially completed. The dual carriageways are each 24 ft. wide and will be separated by a 13-ft. central gap. The road is designed for speeds of up to 70 miles an hour.

PICASSO DESIGNS IN OSLO

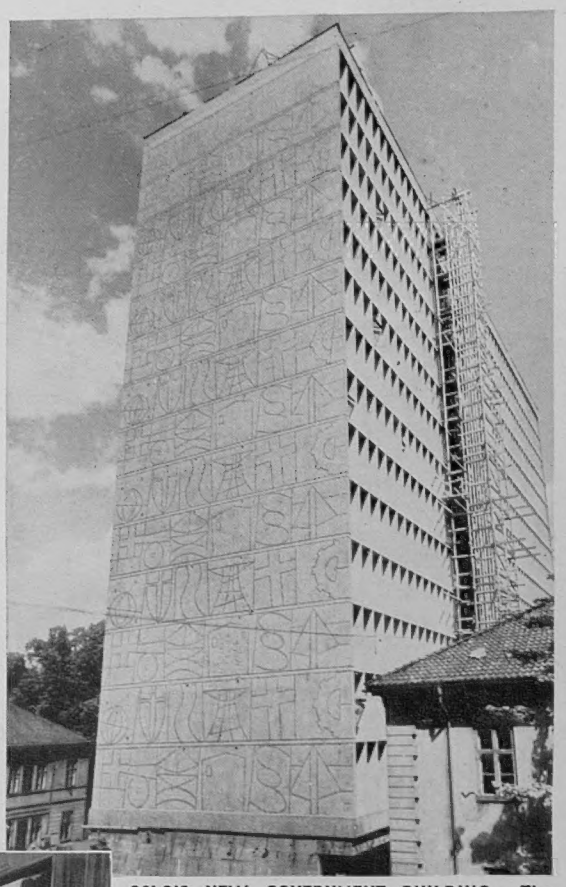
Controversial Work in a New Government Building

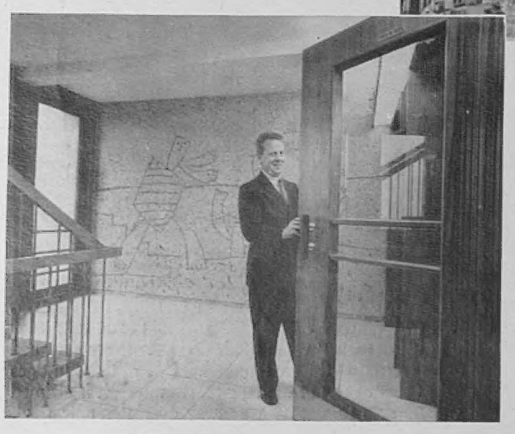
There are three novel features in the new Government building which has been completed in Oslo. First of all there is its size. Most of the buildings in the Norwegian capital have ten storeys or less. The new construction has sixteen and thus dominates the Oslo skyline. From the roof a splendid view of the whole of the city can be obtained.

Then, a new method of concrete-making has been employed. This method, which has already been patented in many countries of the world, is the result of ten years' work by the architect of the government building and a Norwegian engineer. It is used here for the first time on a large scale. Normal concrete-making consists of mixing together proportions of pebbles and cement, and pouring the mixture into a mould to set. In the new Norwegian technique, the pebbles are first tightly packed into the mould. A special thin cement is then pumped, under pressure, into the mould from below. In this way the holes between the pebbles are filled in and the pebbles are bound together. After a time the mould is removed, and the resulting material is much like normal concrete with a smooth finish, but a process of sand-blasting at about 100-lb. pressure erases the surface, allowing the pebbles to appear. The technique gives a rough surface which lends itself to artistic treatment.

Carl Nesjar, a Norwegian artist, introduced Pablo Picasso to the new material. Picasso was interested and readily submitted sketches of designs for the new building. These were done on an experimental basis, along with his drawing "Triptikon" from the Antibes Gallery. Photographs of the designs, sand-blasted on to the concrete, were shown to Picasso. Approval was given and along with the work of a number of Norwegian artists the decorations were completed.

Both the gable ends of the new building are decorated with designs symbolising the work done by the various Ministries using the building. Inside, wall-spaces on stairways, passages and in certain rooms are covered with the drawings. The designs have caused a furore in Oslo. Many angry letters have been written to the Press, complaining of them, and an equal number of enthusiastic ones expressing delight at their novelty and freshness.





OSLO'S NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING: The gable end of the building is decorated with designs, symbolising the activities of departments inside. *Right*—Sixteen storeys high, the construction towers above neighbouring buildings. *Below, left*—Behind M. G. Harlem, the Minister of Social Affairs, is Picasso's mural "Children Playing on the Beach."

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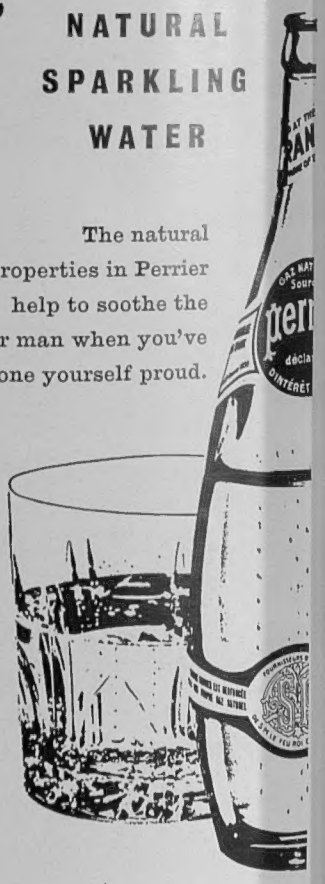

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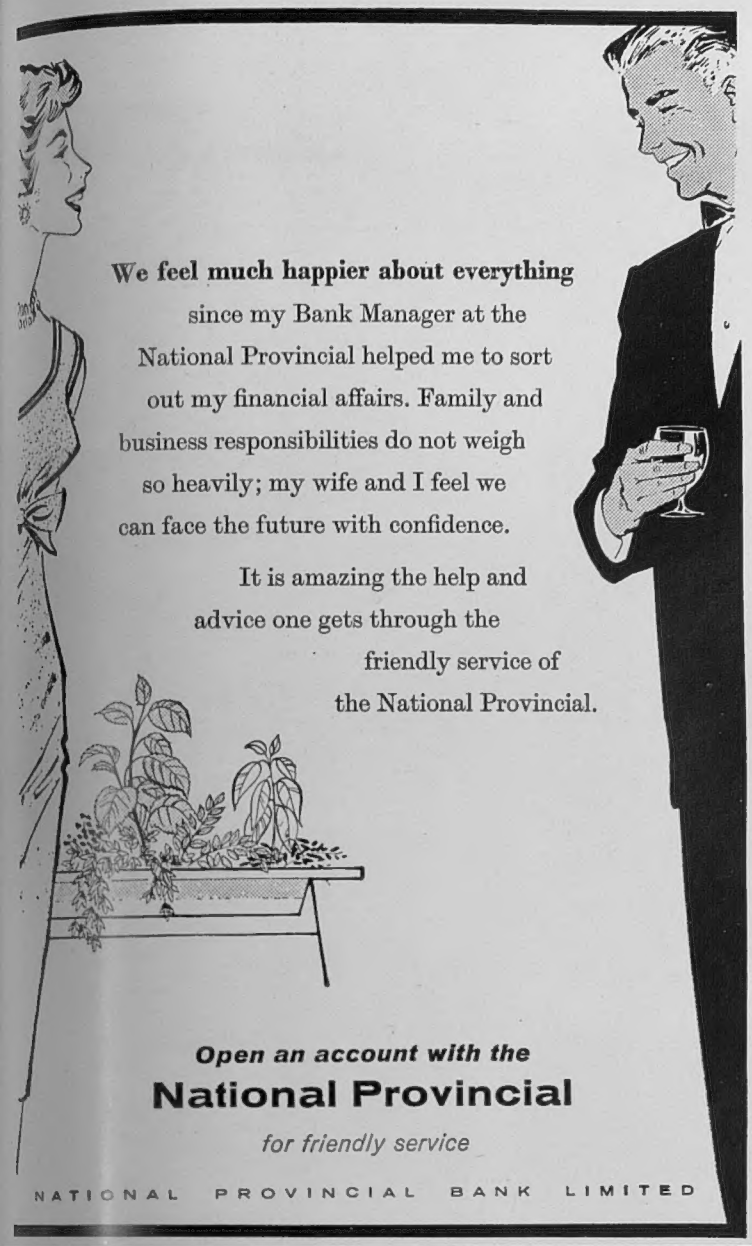

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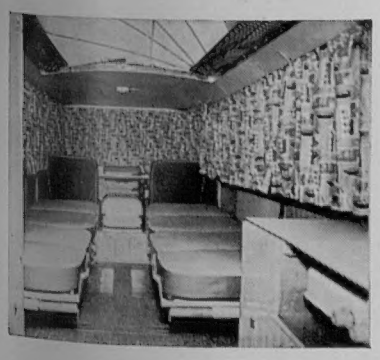

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